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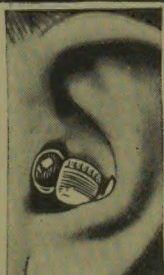
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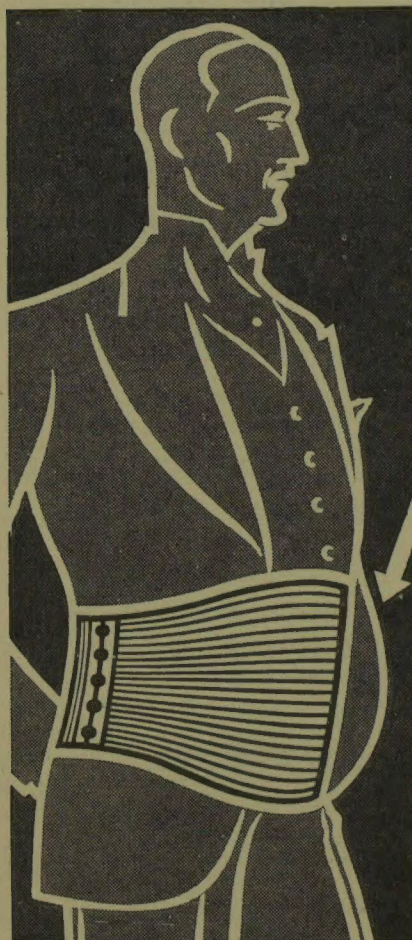
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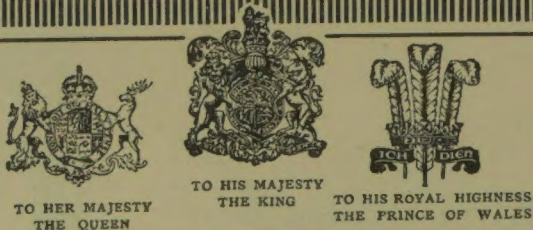
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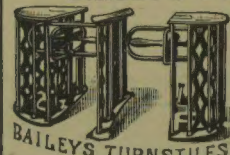
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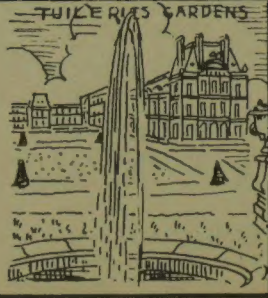
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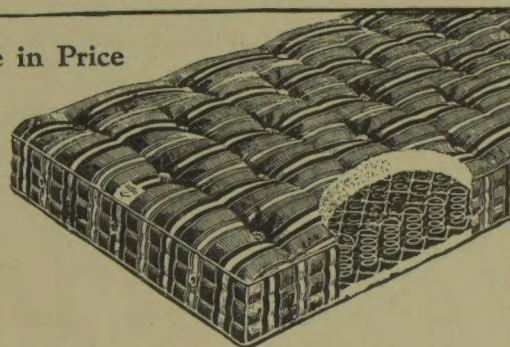
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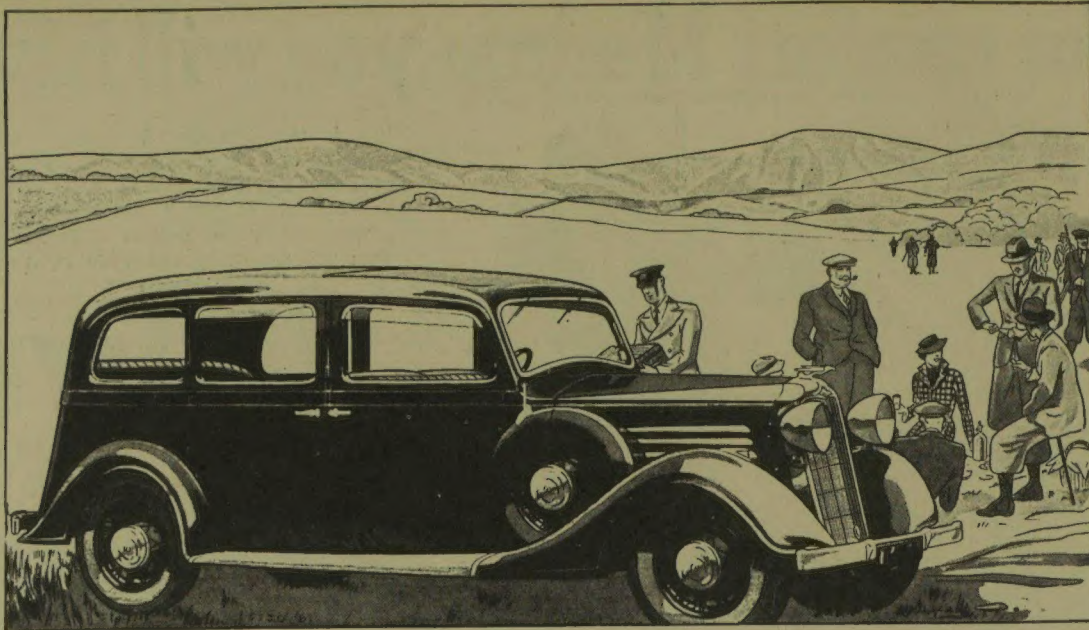
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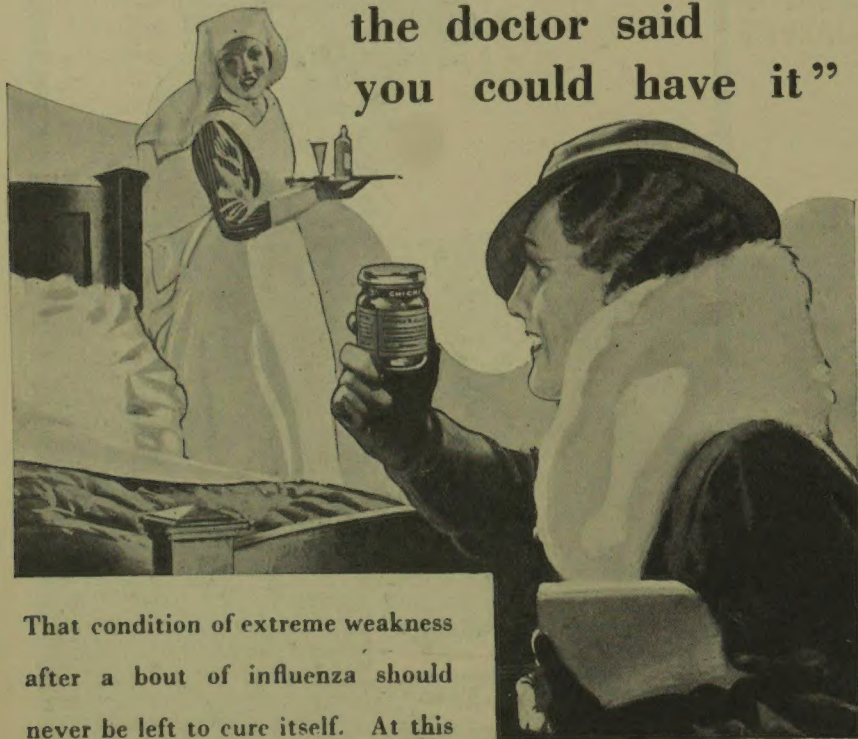
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SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1935.



**THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT GIBRALTAR: A BATTLESHIP, DESTROYERS, AND A RECONNAISSANCE SEAPLANE—  
PART OF THE FORCES USED IN NAVAL EXERCISES TO TEST THE DEFENCE OF MERCHANT SHIPPING.**

The principal Naval Exercises of the year, with the whole Home and Mediterranean Fleets, were fixed to take place from March 7 to 15 in an area of the Atlantic, west of Gibraltar, much frequented by merchant shipping. For the first time since 1906, the Admiralty arranged with shipping companies for the participation of the Merchant Navy, since the object of the exercises was to practise countering an attack on merchant ships by hostile naval forces. The fleets engaged were

named respectively "Red" and "Blue." The "Red" Navy, representing a country to which the security of its sea-borne trade is vital, consisted of the Home Fleet, based in the Azores, while the "Blue" Navy (the Mediterranean Fleet) had its base at Lagos, near Cape St. Vincent. The "Red" fleet was superior in aircraft, and the "Blue" in small cruisers and destroyers. It was desired, among other things, to test the defence capabilities of aircraft at sea.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AT the present time, those who are called advanced thinkers are no longer advancing in formation. It might perhaps be darkly suggested that they are not advancing at all, but are by this time actually retreating. I would not breathe even in the faintest whisper any such words as *saue qui peut*; but it will be recognised by the most restrained and moderate military opinion that there is often, let us say, rather more individualism in a retreat than in an advance. And in the present intellectual position there is a very great deal of individualism, to which we will not deny the consolation of calling itself individuality. Still, we may say without offence that great individualities have appeared in the past, but that their effect was commonly more corporative and even more creative. Anyhow, whether it be a sign of strength or weakness, it is certainly true that the individual intellectual positions are more scattered, more isolated, and even more mutually antagonistic. In the eighteenth century there was a revolution of thought, roughly represented by the name of Rousseau. In the nineteenth century there was a reaction to that thought, roughly represented by the name of Ruskin. Nobody will deny that Rousseau and Ruskin were remarkable personalities; nobody will deny, on the other hand, that any number of their contemporaries thought they were bores, nuisances, nonsensical prigs and sentimentalists or generally very irritating persons. But Rousseau did make a Rousseau revolution; and Ruskin did start a Ruskinian movement. Men were not ashamed to accept the name as a badge and the philosophy as a whole. The friendships of the French Revolution had an unfortunate tendency to terminate with one friend cutting off the head of the other friend with a guillotine; but each of them in turn testified to their common father, in the prophet of the *Contrat Social*. The Comrades of the first Ruskinian schools of Socialist or similar opinion were not quarrelling the whole time, nor always quarrelling about Socialism, and very seldom quarrelling with Socialism; and even the Brethren of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were often on speaking terms.

It would be hard to name even two of the new intellectuals who occupy the same intellectual position. As compared with the Jacobins and the Socialists, they may even quarrel much less; but they disagree much more. There is a certain difficulty in each case in comparing one position with the other; in considering it as an advance or a retired position; in considering it in relation to any movement. Mr. Middleton Murry, indeed, is said to have become a Bolshevik; but he gives rather the impression that Communism is one of the notions that he possesses, rather than that Communism is a religion that possesses him. And, for a much larger part of the time, he seems more occupied in writing in the albums of the new fashion, "Be metabiological, sweet maid, and let who can be mystical or theological." Mr. T. S. Eliot, on the other hand, is not only metaphysical, but clearly influenced by the metaphysical poets, of the Cavalier period; and his spiritual and political sympathies are therefore the very reverse of the other.

Being thus interested in philosophy, he has remarked with severity that he cannot find in the works of Mr. Aldous Huxley any philosophy whatever, but that Mr. Huxley certainly describes very vividly how disgusting a world without philosophy can be. I quote from memory, but that was the substance of the remark; and the new intellectuals are incessantly interchanging such chatty remarks. A sort of partial exception, which yet very completely proves the rule, can be found in the curious incident of the brief but brilliant idealisation of D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence was undoubtedly a fine descriptive writer, and in many ways a representative modern author; but to read some of the first studies of him, one would suppose that there had never been an author in the world before. Nor was the excitement merely directed

to hang up his head like a hat on a hat-peg, and send his body wandering through the town to find its way with less rational guidance than a dog. This is to misunderstand even a dog; but it is in a very special sense to misunderstand a man. For a man does not actually possess that self-balancing apparatus of instincts that exist in an animal. He is a reasonable creature or else an unreasonable creature; he is either a madman or a man. There are only top-lights in the theatre of his tragedy; there are no footlights on that stage; and if the top-lights are extinguished, we can only say (as was so finely said about one of the greatest of men and the greatest of madmen), "The stage darkened before the curtain fell."

The point of the position of Lawrence, how-

ever, in this case, is that in the first cult of him there was a flash of that sort of almost fanatical collectivity that was found in older cases; the cry of followers who feel that they have found a leader. There was a moment when other literary men seemed vaguely moved with a notion of loyalty to Lawrence, as their fathers had had a loyalty to William Morris or even a loyalty to Walter Pater. But it is again typical of the time that the fashion, however fanatical, has been to a large extent ephemeral. Nobody else did really agree with the queer and solitary revolt of Lawrence; which was rather a Red Indian than a Red Republican revolt. He was, in fact, in an extremely exceptional frame of mind, and he was himself the exception that proved the rule that there is no rule. Men took much longer than that to get tired of the legend of Byron; and Scotsmen, that hardy race, have not yet got tired of the legend of Burns. But Byron and Burns lived in one of the



A PHOTOGRAPHER WEARING A WOOLLEN RESPIRATOR WHILE TAKING SNAPSHOTS OF BOO-BOO AND HER BABY, JUBILEE, AT THE "ZOO": A PRECAUTION AGAINST UNWELCOME GERMS PASSING BETWEEN THE MAN AND THE CHIMPANZEES.

As is noted opposite, the greatest precautions are being taken to ensure the well-being of the chimpanzee mother and child in the London "Zoo." This picture illustrates but one. The photographers to whom Boo-Boo and Jubilee gave a first sitting at the end of last week had to wear respirators to prevent the passage of infectious germs.

to him as an author; there was an amazing hubbub of excitement about him merely as a man.

The publishers' houses and the printing-presses seemed to be pouring out a continuous cataract of books about Lawrence; of books by men who had known Lawrence; of contradictions of the books by men who had known Lawrence; of rejoinders of the contradictions of the books, and so on, as it seemed, for ever; but, as a matter of fact, it has already rather abruptly come to an end. Most, even of those who knew him, now more commonly mention him in order to point out that he was really wrong. I do not mean that he was entirely wrong, but that he was wrong on the particular point on which his followers most furiously asserted that he was right. Even some of his followers seem to have begun to suspect it in the end, but it always seemed sufficiently obvious to me from the beginning. Lawrence was perfectly right in suggesting that intellectualism can be a disease, and that instinct has its place in a healthy balance of humanity. Intellectualism can be a disease, but the remedy, as he stated it, was worse than the disease. Instinct has its place; but in his scheme it was so much misplaced that it almost became another form of diseased intellectualism. His remedy seemed to amount to this; that a man was

periods of corporate or communal action; of a march of men along a main road; in which legends are as practical as bugles and flags. There is still much vague talk about marching, but there is no longer much agreement about the road. I will not say that the isolated intellectuals of to-day are deserters, but they are certainly stragglers. Nor will I say that they are wrong to straggle from the straight road, when they have begun to doubt very seriously whether it is the right road. The wrong road may lead straight to a precipice, and it is ridiculous to say that straightness, of that kind is progress. I only say that the key to the whole situation is that the very type of men who most prided themselves on being progressives have now ceased to believe in progress. The only thing in which nearly all of them still largely agree is in a rather negative reaction in favour of peace. But the negative reaction is very unlike the positive resolution, which once based itself on actual affection for our fellows; as in Walt Whitman's enthusiasm for the average man. Few could read the most modern prose, still less the most modern poetry, and feel the effects of an enthusiasm for the average man. I am not certain we have wholly gained by losing liberty, equality, and fraternity; and substituting, for the first two, a strange blend of licence and uniformity; and for fraternity, only peace.



# THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD: BOO-BOO AND THE INFANT JUBILEE RECEIVE.



**THE MATERNAL CHIMPANZEE: BOO-BOO AND HER THREE-WEEKS-OLD DAUGHTER, JUBILEE, THE FIRST OF HER KIND TO BE BORN IN THE LONDON "ZOO," SITTING TO THE PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR THE FIRST TIME, BEFORE THE PUBLIC CALLED.**

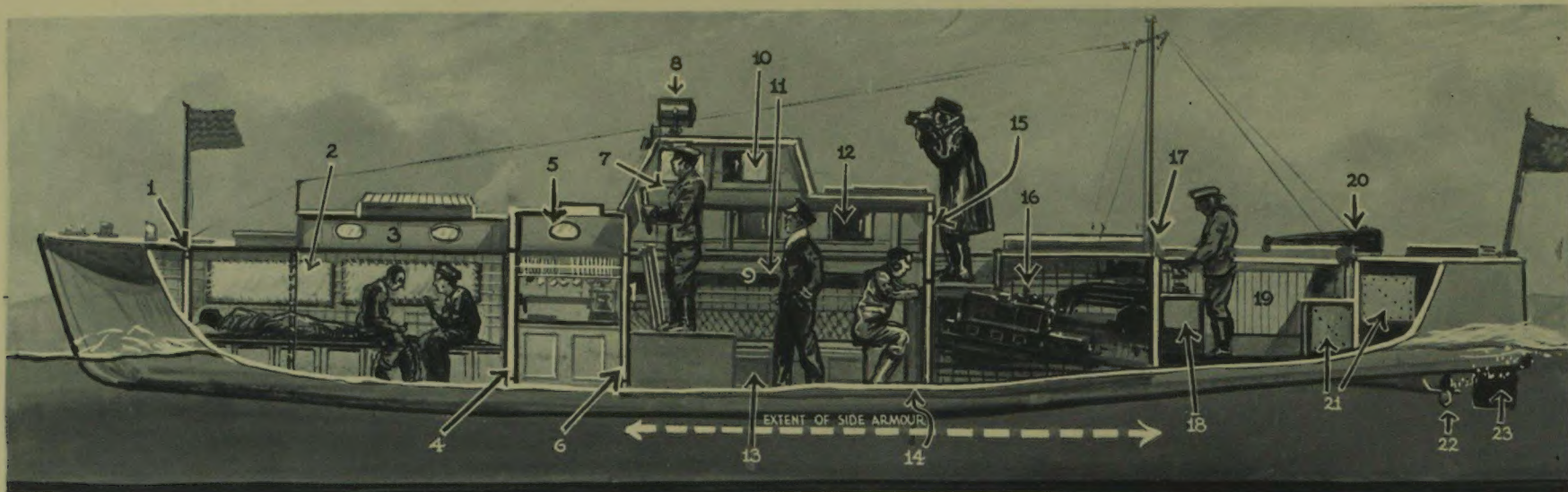
Jubilee, the first chimpanzee to be born in the London "Zoo," came into the world on February 15 last, and she was first photographed, with her mother, on March 8. The greatest precautions have been taken to ensure Boo-Boo and child doing well. One is illustrated opposite; and as we write, when the public are permitted to call, there is displayed a notice which reads: "Quiet, Please. Boo-Boo and her baby daughter Jubilee will be on view to Visitors from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. daily. The Keeper has instructions to vary these times if he thinks it

is necessary for the well-being of Mother and Child. . . ." Boo-Boo, let it be added, arrived at the "Zoo" from the Gold Coast in August 1927, and is believed to be about twelve years old. She is a very good mother and watches carefully over the welfare of her daughter. If left for a second or two, Jubilee cries out and Boo-Boo is prompt to answer the call and pick up her offspring. The baby's father is Koko, who belongs to the Clifton "Zoo," and is the father of the baby chimpanzee born there last May, the first to be born in this country.



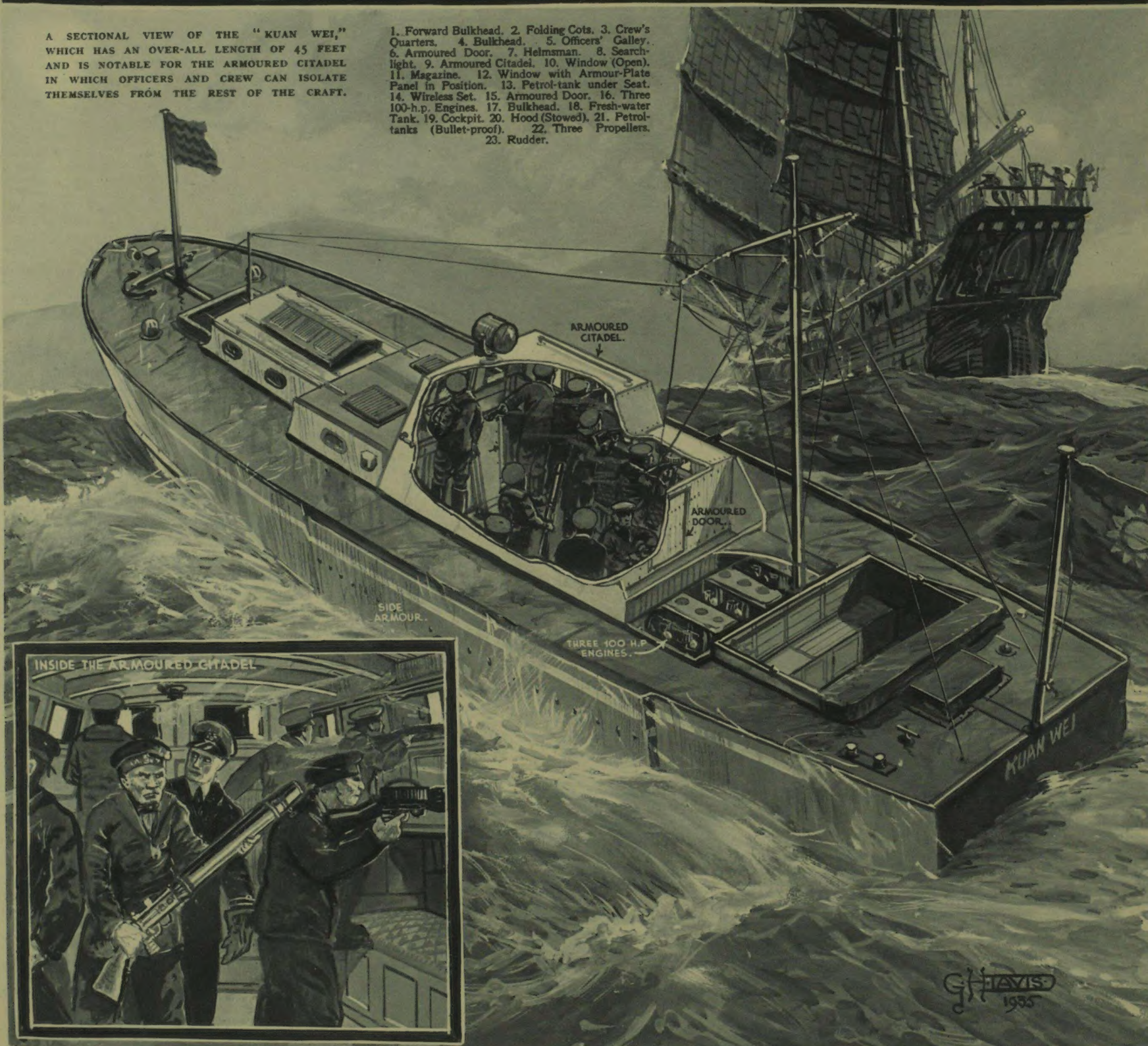
# TO CHASE CHINESE PIRATES AND SMUGGLERS: THE FIGHTING SPEED-BOAT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH POWER BOAT CO.



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE "KUAN WEI," WHICH HAS AN OVER-ALL LENGTH OF 45 FEET AND IS NOTABLE FOR THE ARMoured CITADEL IN WHICH OFFICERS AND CREW CAN ISOLATE THEMSELVES FROM THE REST OF THE CRAFT.

1. Forward Bulkhead. 2. Folding Cots. 3. Crew's Quarters. 4. Bulkhead. 5. Officers' Galley. 6. Armoured Door. 7. Helmsman. 8. Searchlight. 9. Armoured Citadel. 10. Window (Open). 11. Magazine. 12. Window with Armour-Plate Panel in Position. 13. Petrol-tank under Seat. 14. Wireless Set. 15. Armoured Door. 16. Three 100-h.p. Engines. 17. Bulkhead. 18. Fresh-water Tank. 19. Cockpit. 20. Hood (Stowed). 21. Petrol-tanks (Bullet-proof). 22. Three Propellers. 23. Rudder.



AN UNSINKABLE CRAFT DESIGNED TO CHECK PIRACY AND SMUGGLING IN CHINESE WATERS: A CHASER THAT HAS AN ARMoured CITADEL, IS ARMED WITH LEWIS GUNS AND RIFLES, AND IS FITTED WITH WIRELESS.

With others of her kind, the high-speed fighting craft here illustrated diagrammatically is to be used to check the nefarious activities of pirates and smugglers who practise round the coasts of China. As we show, she has an armoured citadel which can be isolated from the rest of the vessel; and armour protects the engines and fuel-tanks. Thus, those shut in the citadel would be protected from hostile rifle-fire. The armament consists of four Lewis guns and rifles for officers and crew—ten in all; two European officers and eight Chinese other ranks. The boat is unsinkable, thanks not only to the armour, but to the fact that she is divided into

watertight compartments: she could be holed in a number of places and still carry on at speed. The over-all length is 45 feet. The draught is 2 feet 4 inches. Searchlights and wireless are fitted. A speed of not less than half a mile a minute can be attained. Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, her inventor and designer, is convinced that she should be regarded as a forerunner of fast fighting craft for use in naval warfare, especially as small speed-boats are very difficult targets for aircraft. The first of the new boats has just been supplied to the Chinese Maritime Customs by his firm, the British Power Boat Company, of Hythe, Southampton.



## SHIPPING A SHIP: THE EMBARCATION OF A LIGHTSHIP FOR BAHREIN.



CAUSING THE VESSEL INTO WHICH IT IS SEEN BEING HOISTED TO TAKE A LIST OF FIFTEEN DEGREES: A NEW LIGHTSHIP FOR THE PERSIAN GULF LIFTED ABOARD A STEAMER IN THE THAMES.

It is an unusual sight, to say the least of it, to see one ship being taken aboard another, although there is a certain parallel, of course, in the large lifeboats carried by modern liners. In the present instance, however, there is much less discrepancy in size between the vessel carrying and the vessel carried. This photograph, which was taken the other day, shows a new lightship, built at North Woolwich by Messrs.

Harland and Wolff, being hoisted aboard the steamship "Belmoira" lying in the Thames off Charlton Buoys. It will be seen that the weight of the lightship (120 tons) caused the steamer to take a heavy list, which is stated to have amounted to fifteen degrees. The lightship's destination is Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, and it bears on its side the name "Bahrein" in large white letters.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## GEORGE ROBEY—THE FALSTAFF.

TALKING of actors, Mr. Malcolm Morley, in his excellent portmanteau volume on "The Theatre," says in a skilful tirade that the perfect actor demands a dual personality—himself and the character he presents. That axiom became paramount when Mr. George Robey, master of a thousand revels, swapped his saddle to become the comic hero of "Henry IV.—Part One" in Mr. Sydney Carroll's sumptuous revival at His Majesty's under the time-honoured sway of Mr. Robert Atkins. Would Mr. Robey be able to sink enough of his dominating personality in the Shakespearean character to render his well-known peculiarities forgettable and make us see the figure of Falstaff steadily and whole? We were forewarned by tittle-tattle in the Press that the great comedian had had tussles with the text; that he, accustomed to the free-and-easy ways, both verbal and gesticular, of the music hall, had been put to great pains to memorise the bardic lines. And, indeed, at the first performance there was evidence of struggle and halt which, now and again, damped the ardour of his fellow-players, although it never impaired the clarity of the diction of this Falstaff, whose elocution, despite its deliberate pace, was a model of linguistic coinage. Not a sentence ever strained, albeit spaced; not a word failed to travel from the footlights to the uppermost gallery. In this respect alone, Mr. Robey betokened that he is a master of *l'art du comédien*. I have never heard lightsome comedy lines so strongly individualised, and I can only conceive how much greater will be their penetration when Mr. Robey, by practice, will cause them to ripple from his lips. But, diction apart, his portrayal is a magnificent manifestation of an original reading.

I have seen many Falstaffs, in many languages, and frankly, hitherto, I have found most performances of this burly figure elephantine and, in the long run, boresome. Sir Herbert Tree was, to a certain extent, an exception; but even he dwelt so much on the comicality of his paunch that the words became secondary to his bodily circumstantial evidence! Not so Mr. Robey. His Falstaff may have all the characteristics of a lout overfond of his sack and the rising spirit therefrom inspired. But he is not a human monstrosity, nor does he ever forget that there is a certain *noblesse oblige* in his origin. He, with his gay little goat-beard, his comfortable but not excessive *embonpoint*, never looks like the famous "covered wagon rolling along," but, in spite of his clothes worn to shabby gentility, a gentleman of quality only falling off his perch when the spirit of sack is mightier than his will to preservation. When, seated on the table, he reads his homily to

mentor who raises from his vast experience a few lessons of worldly wisdom, whereas in the replica in which he changes parts with the Prince, he lets it transpire that, despite his age, he preserves the spirit of youth in unalloyed gaiety. In these scenes especially, Mr. Robey convinces us that he has gripped the nature of the character in its vitals. In fact, in his impersonation, Falstaff is never a clown accentuating his effects by extravagant details, although more adroitly he now and again conjures up his well-known frown from his curtailed eyebrows and addresses the audience from the frontier line of the footlights in that threatening manner that adds causticity to his words. What we forcibly felt in his conception was the power of his comic vein that fulminated unceasingly even when the words were slow of birth. In short, Mr. George Robey's Falstaff was amusing from first to last. He never wearied us; indeed, we longed for him to come back when others—very meritoriously—held the stage. For he was the joy of living in the most mirthful sense of the words, and as such he will be recorded in the annals of our stage.

## ENTERTAINMENT EAST OF SUEZ.

First, *à propos* of nothing, for it has no relevance to my theme—unless the magic of colour and romantic setting be counted as a link—let me call attention to the revue, "Stop Press," at the Adelphi. For here we have an entertainment distinguished by its originality and brilliance of production and by its witty, satirical content.



"RUGGLES OF RED GAP," AT THE PLAZA: CHARLES LAUGHTON AS THE PERFECT VALET "TRANSPLANTED" TO THE STATES AFTER HAVING BEEN LOST AT POKER.

Ruggles, the perfect valet, is lost by his master, Lord Burnstead, at poker to some Americans who think that he would help them to acquire social polish. At Red Gap, in the States, he is passed off as a distinguished English visitor, Colonel Ruggles. In the end, he settles down, becomes a "democrat," and opens a restaurant. Mary Boland plays Effie Floud and Charlie Ruggles is Egbert Floud, who are the American couple who transplant Ruggles.

while Mr. Robert Naylor woos with conquering melody and scores with that solo gem, "I care not if the cup I hold." There is riotous fun while Mr. Joseph Spree as Hassan disports himself with his cavalcade of wives, and Mr. Eddie Carr makes the Sultan Mahmoud a pointed satirist who can give words an edge and topicalities a flair. A little shaping, a little better timing, a little more precision in the movements and grouping, and this comic opera will do full justice to itself and provide a light, bright, attractive show well worth a visit.

Turning from the gay, pictorial splendours and light engaging vivacities of the operetta, we find at the Duke of York's all the tension of a trial-scene with Mr. Matheson Lang holding forth as a barrister in "There Go All of Us." East Africa provides a background where all the elemental passions are let loose and whisky and morphine are the preludes to murder. But we do not closely analyse the plot which Mr. Hastings Turner has devised, nor the characters which he has designed, for Miss Beatrix Thomson exhibits such pathetic helplessness as client that the situation holds the stage. A good story, well told, has merits that fill an evening with interest. A problem is set and we are left to find the answer; a situation is graphically presented, and when that situation crystallises in a court-scene so vividly conducted, we have first-rate entertainment.

Now, at the Comedy, the Anglo-Oriental subject is less happy in its fulfilment, for "Mrs. Nobby Clark," who, forsaking her career as a successful actress, comes to live in Burma, comes also into an environment that yields little pleasure. The chief fault lies in the lack of proportion in the three central characters. It is not Mr. Barry Jones's fault that he is not dismissed from the triangle much sooner, for the author's delay undermines the foundations of sympathy. There is strength and persuasion in Mr. Cecil Parker's obstinate husband; but the quality which redeems the evening is the fine and subtle portrait of Anne. To see the play through the study of Miss Marie Ney is to condone some of its shortcomings. The play is almost defeated by its difficulties, but Miss Ney, overcoming the text, almost succeeds through her imaginative comprehension and sensitive depiction.



"THERE GO ALL OF US," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: MATHESON LANG, AS THE K.C., CONSULTS WITH HIS FAIR CLIENT, BARBARA KEEBLE (BEATRIX THOMSON), IN THE COURT SCENE.

"There Go All of Us" was originally produced under the title of "For the Defence." The title was changed owing to possible confusion with the film, "The Great Defender," in which Matheson Lang recently appeared.

the Prince of Wales, he is, in his paternal accents, his would-be majestic dignity, no longer a buffoon impelling the laughter of his surroundings, but a kind of mature

praise for all those who have contrived for us so fresh and so brilliant an entertainment.

At the Prince's, in succession to "Merrie England," we

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# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



WEARING THE WINGED AND TAILED SUIT IN WHICH HE "FLEW" LIKE A BIRD: MR. CLEM SOHN.

According to the reports from America, Mr. Clem Sohn, a "stunt" airman and parachutist, flew like a bird at a recent demonstration over Daytona Beach, Florida, wearing the suit here seen. He jumped out of an aeroplane and went through all the movements of natural flight. He finally descended by parachute.



A LIVING CACTUS OUTLINED IN LIGHT: A NOVEL DEPARTURE IN DECORATIVE ILLUMINATION.

Cactuses growing in Arizona often assume bizarre, modernistic shapes; and when it was desired to find a way of decorating the town of Phoenix to welcome Eastern convention visitors, a huge specimen in the likeness of a distorted trident was selected and was outlined with neon lights.



TO COMBAT THE OPIUM TRAFFIC IN THE DESERT: A DETACHMENT OF THE SPECIAL MOTORISED IRAQI POLICE.

Describing the above photograph, a correspondent writes: "The Iraq Government is taking drastic steps to put down the opium traffic in the desert. A desert police force has been organised, specially trained and armed, and is always ready to make its way into the desert by motor-car, horse, or camel."



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT A "FISH-DRIVE" GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR AT FIJI, WHEN HE LEAPT INTO THE WATER TO JOIN THE FUN: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (RIGHT) SWIMMING WITH NATIVES AT THE CLIMAX OF THE DRIVE.

We gave illustrations of fire-walking, both in Fiji and elsewhere, in our issue of February 2. It is seen below as done before the Duke of Gloucester; whose final expedition before he left Fiji was to the island of Beqa, the home of the fire-walkers. When the Duke arrived to see the ceremony, a pit containing stones had been a blazing furnace for 10 hours. The embers were removed, and the stones were seen to be red hot. A dozen natives suddenly rushed out of the bush and walked over the stones with bare feet, only one having to leave the pit before the

circuit was complete. In the afternoon the Duke was taken to see a "fish-drive." A company of Fijians formed a circle some three miles in circumference in the water, holding a rope. Where the Duke's boat was moored was a net; and, as the circle closed, the fishes fled to this point and were trapped. As the drive neared the conclusion, the excitement became intense—and the Duke suddenly dived into the sea and swam to the net, to be in at the kill. A huge haul of fish was secured, which, H.R.H. insisted, would have been much smaller without his timely aid!



FIRE-WALKING BEFORE THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: THE CEREMONY WITNESSED BY H.R.H. IN FIJI; SHOWING NATIVES WALKING, BARE-FOOT, ON RED-HOT STONES, IN A PIT WHERE A LARGE FIRE HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN LIT.



THE HERMITAGE OF "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA": THE DORSETSHIRE COTTAGE IN WHICH MR. T. E. SHAW WILL LIVE, FOLLOWING HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE AIR FORCE; AND (INSET) THE GREEK INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR.

That great mystery man of the war, Lawrence of Arabia (Colonel T. E. Lawrence), who changed his name to T. E. Shaw by deed poll in the year in which his book "Revolt in the Desert" appeared, has now left the Air Force. He had been serving as an aircraftsman. He cycled from Bridlington, where he had been stationed, to his cottage in Dorset. Over the door are two Greek words, "OU," meaning "not," and "ΦΡΟΝΤΙΖΩ," meaning "care," or "concern."



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a certain association of ideas connecting war, revolution, and crime. An American poet has remarked, through one of his characters: "Ez fur war, I call it murder." Even the most conscientious wars might perhaps be classed as justifiable homicide. Revolution generally begins with political crime, in the eyes of existing authority, for the crime of one régime becomes the patriotism of the next. These notions combine to form an Ariadne thread through this week's labyrinth of books.

Recent concentration of the limelight on Italian affairs, owing to military "precautions" against Abyssinia, may send many readers to "THROUGH FASCIST ITALY." An English Hiker's Pilgrimage. By Roland G. Andrew. With thirty-four Photographs (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). Its author (a keen Lancashire lad who writes with humour and intelligence) is a pilgrim after my own heart, for he travels mainly on Shanks's pony, and has a good word for classical mythology, despised by advocates of utilitarian education. "I saw a new Italy (he says)—still the land of Virgil, but revitalised and moved by a great uplifting force." Among countless places of lesser note, he visited Milan, Rimini, San Marino, Florence, Rome, Naples, and the new city of Littoria, in the reclaimed Pontine Marshes. He walked over the Apennines, ascended Vesuvius, saw Pompeii and Herculaneum, crossed to Messina and climbed Etna. This is one of the few books I have met, by the way, giving those essential cross-references from illustration to text.

Everywhere Mr. Andrew talked with all and sundry, and these conversations are illuminating. He went to see things for himself, and he often sees them differently from the accepted view. His descriptions of places and people ring true, and he is a frank and provocative critic. Though a self-confessed "admirer of modern Italy," he is no blind worshipper, and one of his talks with fellow wayfarers, who claimed Malta as "an Italian island," prompts him to candid comment. "Italy's mania for land-grabbing has nothing to do with Fascism. . . . It is no use blaming Mussolini and his colleagues for the *Malta Italiana* legend. The fault lies really with our so-called Conservative Governments whose pet amusement has been that of scattering constitutions up and down the Empire. . . . They have all but ruined the trade of Ceylon by placing the island at the mercy of native demagogues, and now they are ready to practise their arts on India. Malta was an early victim."

Jogging-on the footpath way, a "footslogger" can let the beauty of landscape sink into his consciousness, and has time to get at the heart of its inhabitants. The air voyager, speeding aloft in an aeroplane, commands a far wider panorama, gazing down on vast tracts of land and sea. Inasmuch as he looks at the earth's superficies, his view might be called, in that sense, superficial. Otherwise, however, there is nothing superficial about a writer who, though travelling aerially, is deeply concerned with things terrestrial—the author of "SWINGING THE EQUATOR." By William J. Makin. With thirty-two Illustrations (Jarrolds; 18s. net). "When the suggestion was made" (writes Mr. Makin) "that I should fly over Africa in one of the latest monoplanes belonging to the Imperial Airways fleet, I accepted with alacrity. This was made possible by the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of Sir Harry Brittain, my companion on the flight, and Mr. Woods Humphrey, managing director of Imperial Airways. . . . the magician who placed the Flying Carpet at our disposal. . . . This adventure of swinging the equator, is possible to anyone to-day. . . . at less than the cost of a new motor-car." The flight here described began at Croydon and ended at Cape Town. Sir Harry Brittain's recent book, "By Air," is acknowledged as the source of certain incidents.

In the light of current events, the most interesting part of the book is that on Abyssinia and its Emperor, although not relating to the frontier of Italian Somaliland, but rather to slave-raiding on the borders of Kenya and the Sudan. Another intriguing passage recalls an Ethiopian Prince's engagement (subsequently broken off) to a high-born Japanese girl, correspondence on the subject between the two Emperors, and a proposal to allot to Japan 1,600,000 acres of Abyssinian land for growing cotton. Mr. Makin attended the Emperor's Coronation, and describes a weird performance he saw at Addis Ababa, purporting to be the transformation of a woman into a leopard—one better than "Lady Into Fox."

I have mentioned only a few selected items from a book which is extraordinarily rich in anecdote, historical and

modern. Among other notable passages there are descriptions of affairs in Malta and the cabaret scandal there; of the Italian penal settlements on Ponza and the Lipari Islands, and of flights over Etna and Vesuvius. The latter volcano Mr. Makin also climbed on foot. He discusses the death of Gordon, the gold and diamond mines of South and East Africa (mentioning an unsuccessful attempt to bribe an air pilot to take part in I.D.B.), and a scheme for discovering the tomb of Alexander in Alexandria, a feat which he thinks could be achieved by Mr. Howard Carter, whom he quotes. The tomb might contain priceless manuscripts, among them perhaps one of Homer.

To the literature of aviation must be added a feminine Odyssey of the air entitled "FLYING GIRL." By Elly Beinhorn. With thirty-two Illustrations (Bles; 16s.). Fräulein Beinhorn relates her amazing adventures very

unassumingly. She flew first from Germany to Africa, and afterwards found her way at various times, with occasional lifts by steamer, over India and Siam, Java and Bali, Australia, and finally South America, where she found herself in the middle of a revolution in Chile and then flew over the Andes to Argentina. A characteristically light-hearted preface is contributed by that versatile American traveller, Richard Halliburton, who has already recorded his acquaintance with Fräulein Beinhorn in his own book of air adventure, "The Flying Carpet."

During a sea voyage across the Pacific, Fräulein Beinhorn saw the lonely isle connected with the famous mutineers of the *Bounty*, and describes a visit to the liner of a boat-load of the islanders. The sequel to the mutiny; that is, the landing of some of the mutineers on this remote islet, with tragic results, is dramatically told in "PITCAIRN'S ISLAND." By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. With end-paper Maps (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). This is a book of grim fascination, in form like a novel, with "plenty of conversation," though based on fact and careful research. Eventually, the island was transformed from a shambles to an "isle of Eden" after the fighting was over, through the surviving white man, Alexander Smith (who afterwards took the name of Adams) being taught to read by his companion, Edward Young, from the Bible.

Thus he "found religion" and spread Christian principles in the community. Smith here tells his own story to an officer of the American sealer *Topaz*, which first discovered the escaped mutineers' refuge, eighteen years after they had settled on the island in 1790.

Echoes of the Russian Revolution and its aftermath are heard in an important book of reminiscence by the daughter of one of bygone Russia's greatest men—"I WORKED FOR THE SOVIET." By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Translated by the Author. In collaboration with Roberta Yerkes (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). Most people with memories of revolutionary Russia appear to have seen the inside of a Soviet prison, and Countess Tolstoy is no exception. At her trial she was defended by Trotsky. Later she organised the Tolstoy estate at Yasnaya Polyana as a communal centre and taught in Soviet schools. Eventually, however, being opposed to forced collectivisation of peasants, she resigned. Ultimately she was allowed to go to Japan to lecture and study educational methods. There we leave her, with apparently no strong desire to return. "I hinted to a few close friends," she writes, "that I might stay abroad until the end of Bolshevism."

Countess Tolstoy's personal experiences of conditions in Bolshevik prisons may be compared with an objective account of the revolutionary penal system of justice given in "SOVIET RUSSIA FIGHTS CRIME." By Lenka Von Koerber. With nine Illustrations (Routledge; 10s. 6d.). The author has spent eight years in Russia. I gather from her introduction that she is a German, but there is no reference to a translator.

We are taken back to the early nineteenth century and the reign of Tsar Alexander I. in "THE RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF MARTHA AND CATHERINE WILMOT." 1803-1808. Edited with Introduction by the Marchioness of Londonderry and H. M. Hyde. With sixteen Illustrations (Macmillan; 21s.). The sub-title epitomises this book as "an account by two Irish ladies of their adventures in Russia. . . . containing

vivid descriptions of contemporary Court life and society, and lively anecdotes." The manuscript was formerly owned by W. E. H. Lecky, the historian (a relative of the Wilmots) who bequeathed it to the Royal Irish Academy. It shows a Russia which Napoleon was soon to invade.

We return to the fringe of Soviet Russia at the end of a lively travel story, delightfully illustrated, by two young English adventurers, rather uninspiringly entitled "FIVE WATERSHEDS." A Winter Journey to Russian Lapland. By Reynold Bray. With eighteen Photographs and Maps (Cape; 10s. 6d.). These young men found themselves temporarily grasped by the long arm of Moscow law. "We were searched for a third time. The strings of our fur boots and the cords of Thomas's pyjamas (with which we might have throttled our way out of U.S.S.R.) were confiscated. . . . Thomas said, 'How do they suppose I can walk without my laces?' He couldn't. Halfway to the cells his pyjama trousers came down."

Crime of our home-grown variety is represented by two new volumes in the Notable British Trials series—"THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM GARDINER" (The Peasenhall Case). Edited by William Henderson; and "THE TRIAL OF SYDNEY HARRY FOX." Edited by F. Tennyson-Jesse—both well illustrated (Hodge; 10s. 6d. each). The former, with its element of religiosity, inconclusive result, and a legacy

(Continued on page 454.)



JAVANESE ATTRACTED BY THE MYSTERY OF THE LAKE THAT VANISHED; SOME OF THEM KEEPING A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE AND OTHERS PEERING NERVOUSLY INTO THE EMPTY ABYSS.



AFTER A JAVANESE LAKE HAD DISAPPEARED OVERNIGHT; FOLLOWING A VOLCANIC UPHEAVAL: THE BARE, STEEP CLIFFS WHICH WERE ONCE THE BASIN OF THE LAKE; WITH THE FORMER SHORE AT THE TOP.

As noted under the photograph on the opposite page, a lake near Sindanglaya, in Java, vanished overnight. A neighbouring volcano awoke to activity and the basin of the lake cracked, allowing the water to escape. Diving-boards and landing-stages were left at the top of bare slopes some hundred feet high.



## A VOLCANO SHRUGS ITS SHOULDERS AND A LAKE VANISHES IN A NIGHT.



AFTER A LAKE THE SIZE OF THE SERPENTINE HAD DISAPPEARED IN A FEW HOURS: THE DRY BED AND THE SLOPING BANKS AFTER THE BASIN HAD CRACKED AND THE WATER HAD POURED OUT.—DIVING-BOARDS IN POSITION ON THE LEFT.

The extraordinary case of a large Javanese lake that vanished overnight is illustrated by the photographs on this page and that opposite. Our correspondent writes: "What consternation there would be if the Serpentine disappeared overnight! Yet a lake just as big in the mountains of Java was actually drained dry in the night." An account of this remarkable event is given in "Java Pageant," by H. W. Ponder, F.R.C.S. (recently published by Messrs. Seeley Service and Co.). "A lake which was formerly one of the great attractions at Sindanglaya, near Buitenzorg" (Mr. Ponder writes), "is now, thanks to a recent volcanic vagary, no more. A neighbouring volcano, Goenong Gedeh (which has not been guilty of an eruption . . .

for a hundred and fifty years) shrugged its shoulders ever so slightly one evening. As a result the basin of the lake cracked, and the thousands of tons of water that filled it poured out, washing the main road, which ran along one side of it, into the narrow valley below, leaving the lake empty. . . . All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot fill up the lake again. . . . And as for the landing-stage, from which visitors used to set out for a row on the lake in the cool of the evening, it now hangs forlorn, like a storm-struck tree, over a steep, rocky cliff, looking down on a tiny stream meandering along among the stones a couple of hundred feet below."



# POTTERY FROM A PERSIAN SITE OCCUPIED FOR MANY

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY MR. M. GHIRSHMAN, DIRECTOR OF THE FRENCH



A VASE WITH BODY OF LEAD, AND SPOUT, WITH LARGE "BUTTON" ORNAMENTS SUPPORTING IT, OF BRONZE? A VESSEL FROM NECROPOLIS B. (EARLY IN THE FIRST MILLENNIUM B.C.)



GOLD ORNAMENTS FOUND IN NECROPOLIS A AT SYALCK, DATING FROM THE SECOND HALF OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.: EAR-RINGS, A PENDANT, AND BEADS.

IN sending us this very interesting record of his discoveries at Sialck, M. Ghirshman recalls that some examples of Persian pottery from that site were illustrated in our issue of December 15 last, with a note by Mr. Arthur Upham Pope. The French expedition, however, has now obtained a great wealth of material, of which the best examples are here shown. Describing them, M. Ghirshman writes: "Of all the recent excavations at prehistoric sites on the Iran plateau, that of Kashan is one of the most important, owing to the variety of successive occupation periods on Tepe Sialck. This picturesquely situated hill, near the town of Kashan, was inhabited from the fourth to the beginning of the first millennium B.C., and contains vestiges of diverse cultures found at Rey, at Dangan, in the Turcoman plain south-east of the Caspian Sea, and at Susa. Its latest and most brilliant epoch has just revealed to us a civilisation closely akin to that of Luristan, famous for its bronzes.

In the fourth millennium B.C., the people of Sialck, hunters and tillers of the soil, used copper for making small implements, and their art of painted pottery was highly developed. Although the potter's wheel was unknown. At the beginning of the third millennium, the

(Continued above on right.)



ONE OF 104 GRAVES FOUND IN NECROPOLIS B: THE SKELETON'S LEGS COVERED WITH POTTERY, A SILVER BRACELET ON THE SKULL, A SILVER CIRCLET ON THE BROKEN LOWER JAW, AN IRON SWORD BEHIND THE HEAD, AN IRON DAGGER UNDER THE CROSSED FORE-ARMS, AND (TO LEFT OF THE HEAD) TWO BRONZE CAULDRONS, THE LOWER ONE CONTAINING ANOTHER SKULL; THE UPPER ONE SUPPORTING BOXES OF THE SECOND SKELETON.



ONE OF NUMEROUS OBJECTS IN NECROPOLIS B INDICATING A PEOPLE OCCUPIED IN HORSE-BREEDING: A SMALL BRONZE HARNESS BELL.



A PENDANT ORNAMENT IN REPOUSSÉ SILVER: AN EXAMPLE OF DELICATE METAL-WORK, WITH A CROSS-SHAPED DESIGN, FROM NECROPOLIS B.

DECORATED WITH FABULOUS ANIMALS, HORNED AND WINGED, A PAINTED "COLLAR" ROUND THE SPOUT, AND GEOMETRICAL DESIGNS: A VASE (FROM NECROPOLIS B) IN YELLOWISH TERRA-COTTA



A TERRA-COTTA PITCHER WITH A FLATTENED SPOUT, AND LIE-DE-VIN DECORATION: A STRIKING EXAMPLE FROM THE MANY HUNDREDS OF PAINTED POTTERY VESSELS FOUND IN NECROPOLIS B AT SYALCK.



SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING, IN SHAPE, A MODERN TEAPOT, WITH A PARTICULARLY LONG SPOUT: A VESSEL MADE OF YELLOW CLAY FOUND IN A GRAVE IN NECROPOLIS B, AND DECORATED IN THE SAME STYLE AS THAT SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION.

# CENTURIES B.C.: FRESH DISCOVERIES AT SYALCK.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL MISSIOM FROM THE LOUVRE MUSEUM TO SYALCK, NEAR KASHAN, PERSIA.



A RELIC OF THE EARLIEST PERIOD REPRESENTED ON A SITE INHABITED FIRST IN THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C.: A FOOTED CUP IN GREY CLAY WITH BLACK DECORATION.



A MULTIPLE VESSEL (OF GREY CLAY) SOMEWHAT LIKE PREHISTORIC TYPES FROM CYPRUS ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 16: A DISCOVERY IN NECROPOLIS B.



AN EXAMPLE OF SYALCK WARE IN THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C. AFTER THE ADOPTION OF THE POTTER'S WHEEL: A LARGE GREY CUP WITH BLACK DECORATION, INCLUDING A FRIEZE OF PANTHERS AT THE TOP JUST UNDER THE RIM.

wheel came into use, and the potters began to make beautiful cups, decorated with animal or bird friezes or geometric designs. This culture was abruptly arrested by some invasion from the south-west, and decoration disappeared. During the latter part of the second millennium, when iron appeared along with bronze, the town was extended, and a cemetery of this period (Necropolis A) furnished over a score of tombs, the dead being accompanied by gold and bronze ornaments, weapons of bronze and iron, and rich funerary deposits of pottery. Towards the beginning of the first millennium B.C. the hill became an acropolis and the reigning princes built on it a massive terraced structure of unbaked brick, whereon stood a palace which has now almost entirely vanished. Our expedition had the luck to find a large cemetery (Necropolis B) where, during 1934, we uncovered 104 tombs, of which 50 were intact. Several hundred pottery vessels, red and black, or yellow with *lie-de-vin* (less of wine) decoration, came from this cemetery. The presence of vessels of bronze, or lead with bronze ornament, alongside this beautiful funerary ceramic, proves the influence of metal-work on the potter's art. The wealthier dead were adorned with silver trinkets, such as ear-rings, bracelets, torques, and diadems, while the poor were content with objects of bronze or iron. Almost every woman's tomb contained a bronze mirror; the men were buried with their weapons of bronze or iron, or both metals combined. Like the people of ancient Luristan, the Sialck folk of this period were evidently much occupied in horse-breeding, to judge from the numerous items of harness that we discovered, such as bits, chains, bells, and so on. The cylinder-seals found in the tombs, representing horsemen, indicate the character of their horse-trappings. These last inhabitants of Sialck disappeared during the first half of the first millennium B.C., and since then the hill palace and the surrounding town have gradually passed away."



AN EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN PERSIAN POTTERY OF THE FIRST MILLENNIUM B.C., FOUND IN NECROPOLIS B: A YELLOW VESSEL IN THE SHAPE OF A BIRD, WITH THE PLUMAGE INDICATED BY DECORATIVE LINES.



THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERIES HERE ILLUSTRATED: THE ACROPOLIS AT SYALCK (SURMOUNTED BY THE GUARDIAN'S HOUSE), FLANKED BY A HUGE MASS OF ARTIFICIAL BRICK-WORK—FOUNDATIONS OF A VANISHED PALACE—AND PIERCED BY A GALLERY (WHOSE ENTRANCE IS VISIBLE NEAR THE CENTRE) ALMOST FORTY YARDS LONG—A SITE INHABITED FROM THE FOURTH TO THE FIRST MILLENNIUM B.C.





THE NEW GIANT CUNARD-WHITE STAR LINER IN THE FITTING-OUT BASIN AT CLYDEBANK: A REMARKABLE LOW VIEW OF THE "QUEEN MARY," SHOWING HER IMMENSE HEIGHT ABOVE THE WATER.



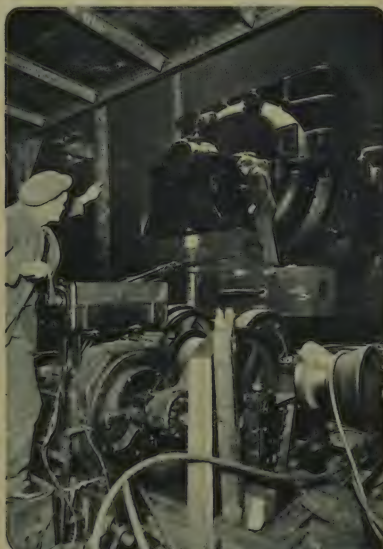
WHERE PASSENGERS IN THE "QUEEN MARY" WILL BE ABLE TO BATH DURING THE VOYAGE: MEN AT WORK ON THE TILING AND OTHER DETAILS IN ONE OF THE LUXURIOUS SWIMMING-POOLS ON BOARD THE GREAT NEW LINER.

Since the giant Cunard-White Star liner "Queen Mary" was launched last September, the work of interior fitting has actively proceeded, giving employment, both at Clydebank and elsewhere, to an army of labour. She is expected to leave for Southampton in the early summer of 1936, and many passages have already been booked for her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. Meanwhile, to minimise competition with the new French liner "Normandie," whose maiden voyage will

## THE "QUEEN MARY" FITTING-OUT—INSTALLATION A LINER WHOSE LOUNGE COULD HOLD NINE BUSES



THE MAIN ENGINE-ROOM NOW A FOREST OF TREE-TRUNKS SUPPORTING THE INTERMEDIATE A STAGE IN THE INSTALLATION OF ENORMOUS STRUCTURES,



SHOWING ONE OF THE HUGE TURBINES BEING FITTED INTO ITS EXACT POSITION: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MAIN ENGINE-ROOM, WITH SOME OF THE TREE-TRUNKS SUPPORTING UPPER DECKS.

take place in a few weeks, the two companies have agreed to arrange a "shuttle" service between Southampton and New York, so that, when the two liners are both at work, they will cross in opposite directions. The present stage of progress in fitting-out the "Queen Mary" is described officially in a statement issued by Cunard-White Star, Ltd. "The main work accomplished during recent months (we read) has been the installation of machinery and auxiliary equipment. Until these enormous

## OF HUGE MACHINERY; AND OTHER INTERIOR WORK: ABREAST WITH THREE RAILWAY ENGINES ABOVE.



DECKS OF THE "QUEEN MARY" WHILE THE MASS OF MACHINERY IS FIXED IN POSITION: SOME OF WHICH WEIGH AS MUCH AS 200 TONS.



WEARING A GAS-LIKE MASK TO PROTECT HIS FACE AND EYES: A WORKMAN ENGAGED IN ELECTRIC WELDING OF METAL FITTINGS TO HOLD LIFE-BOATS IN POSITION ON THE BOAT DECK.

parts, some of them weighing 200 tons, had been hoisted on board, the work of completing the plating of the decks could not proceed. Already the twenty-seven immense boilers are in position, and the main steam piping, over 2600 ft. in length, has been installed. Progress has been made with the installation of the main condensers and huge turbines. That of the auxiliary machinery has been practically completed. The two immense steel masts are now ready for stepping. Their height



WORKMEN BUSY ON THE BRIDGE SUPERSTRUCTURE, FROM WHICH THE "QUEEN MARY" WILL BE CONTROLLED: A SECTION OF THE SHIP WHERE MUCH NAVIGATION EQUIPMENT WILL EVENTUALLY BE INSTALLED.



LARGE ENOUGH TO SIT INSIDE: A SECTION OF ONE OF THE "QUEEN MARY'S" GREAT STEEL MASTS (NEARLY 234 FT. HIGH, FROM THE KEEL), WHICH HAVE RECENTLY BEEN COMPLETED AND MADE READY FOR STEPPING, WITH TWO MEN AT WORK WITHIN IT.

from the keel is nearly 234 ft." Other details given indicate the ship's vast size. Thus, the funnels will be about 100 ft. in circumference, and through each could run three Royal Scot engines placed abreast, while the First-Class Lounge could house nine double-decked buses placed abreast with three Royal Scot engines on their roofs. Lines will be provided for about 4000 beds, and in connection with the electric power stations on board there will be nearly 4000 miles of wiring.



# AMAZING HIGH-SPEED SPARK PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT.



A HOMING PIGEON AT REST AND READY FOR THE START OF A FLIGHT.



THE PIGEON AT THE MOMENT OF ITS TAKING-OFF FROM A MAN'S HAND.



THE BEGINNING OF THE PIGEON'S FLIGHT—WITH SLOTTED WING EFFECT.



A CURIOUS SIDE VIEW OF THE PIGEON IN FLIGHT, WITH THE BODY HIDDEN.



THE PIGEON'S BODY REVEALED AGAIN AS THE WINGS ARE RAISED.



THE DOWNWARD BEAT OF THE WINGS DURING THE PIGEON'S FLIGHT.



A MOURNING-DOVE (AMERICAN TURTLE-DOVE) IN FLIGHT—THE UPWARD BEAT OF THE WINGS.



THE FLYING DOVE WITH BENT PRIMARIES—CURIOUS IN A SMALL BIRD.

As our readers will recall, we have previously illustrated, from time to time, the amazing results in high-speed spark-photography obtained by Messrs. Harold E. Edgerton and Kenneth J. Germeshausen, who have specialised therein at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Thus, in our issue of September 9, 1933, we gave examples, taken in one 75,000th part of a

second, showing various quick or sudden movements—a hammer smashing an electric bulb, a dropped cup of coffee breaking, water flowing into a bottle, and an electric fan turning at 1800 revolutions a minute. A still more rapid exposure—in one 100,000th part of a second—showing a pane of glass shattered by a bullet, with others, at half that speed, of a bubble bursting, a bullet in flight, and a glass of milk breaking, appeared in our issue of November 11, 1933, while in that

of August 16, 1934, we gave similar photographs of water flowing and of a series of golf strokes, all taken in a 100,000th part of a second. Later, in our number for September 8 last, appeared a set of spark-photographs which, like those now given on these pages, illustrated the movements of birds—on that occasion several bouts of a cock-fight, taken with exposures of one 75,000th of a second. As we then pointed out, this encounter was conducted on humane principles, for the birds' feet had no

metal spurs, but leather "muffles," like tiny boxing-gloves, so that they could not hurt each other. The photographs given here, representing the flight of a homing pigeon and an American turtle-dove (known as the mourning-dove from its plaintive call), reveal interesting phases of wing movements.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD E. EDGERTON AND KENNETH J. GERMESHAUSEN.]



# "THE HOUSE OF SPECIAL PURPOSE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE MURDER OF THE ROMANOVs," BY PAUL BULYGIN; INCLUDING "THE ROAD TO THE TRAGEDY," BY ALEXANDER KERENSKY.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

THE murder of the Emperor Nicholas II. and his family is not only a terrible story; it is a story round which controversy has continually raged. This book, the work in almost equal parts of Alexander Kerensky and Captain Paul Bulygin, establishes the facts of the case beyond, it appears, the possibility of a mistake. The Tsar, the Tsaritsa, the Tsarevitch, and his four sisters were shot in the basement of the Ipatiev House—grimly called by the Bolsheviks "The House of Special Purpose"—on the night of July 16-17, 1918. This much is certain. But the two narrators differ greatly, not in their accounts of the facts, but in their attitude towards the unhappy victims. One could not expect Kerensky, Minister of Justice and afterwards Prime Minister of the Provisional Government that succeeded the Tsar's abdication, to see eye to eye with Captain Paul Bulygin, one-time commander of the Personal Guard of the Dowager Empress and devoted, uncritical adherent of the cause of monarchy.

Mr. Kerensky's story comes first; it deals with the events preceding the Emperor's assassination and closes with an account of the murder itself. Captain Bulygin's contribution is more personal, and much of it belongs to the period, just after the murder, when he was enduring almost unparalleled hardships and dangers in his efforts to join Sokolov, the principal Investigator into the circumstances of the Tsar's death.

"It all began," says Mr. Kerensky, "in 1906. 'From that moment' (he is quoting M. Maurice Paléologue, the last French Ambassador to the Imperial Court of Russia) 'the Emperor and the Empress began to destroy the monarchy rapidly with their own hands.' It was in this year that there appeared in the Imperial Palace 'the Starets,' 'the Holy Man,' 'Our Friend,' 'Gregory Efimovitch Novykh, nicknamed Rasputin.' How this Siberian peasant, thief, coachman, and horse-coper acquired his influence over the Tsaritsa is a story that has often been told. The physical consequences of the Tsarevitch's birth, 'and the agony of mind connected with it, ruined the Tsaritsa's physical and mental health. Very soon there appeared in the child symptoms of the disease hereditary in her family: hæmophilia. In her despair, the Empress, who believed 'that faith could remove mountains,' sought a holy man to pray for herself and her son.' Rasputin was introduced to the palace 'exclusively as a saint.'"

Here we must note in parenthesis an important conflict of opinion between Mr. Kerensky and Sir Bernard Pares, whose reasoned and luminous Introduction adds greatly to the value of a book among whose many merits coherence and lucidity do not rank first. Sir Bernard agrees with Mr. Kerensky that there is no foundation at all for the gossip which gave an erotic basis to the Empress's infatuation for Rasputin. But he does not agree that Rasputin's hypnotic cures were "fakes"—that he appeared by arrangement at the bedside of the Tsarevitch "just before the crisis, after which the patient began to recover from his attacks." Nor—another important point—does he agree that Rasputin was a German agent. During the war, the Empress was suspected of German sympathies, which added to her unpopularity; in her last extremity she may have turned to Germany for help; it was the last hope she had. But she never advocated a separate peace. The reason why (Sir Bernard says) "she is more than anyone else responsible for the fall of the Russian Monarchy" is that "she was trying to save the absolute sovereignty of her husband and later of her boy when the whole force of contemporary history was overthrowing it. . . . It was a

tremendous and tragic enterprise, and cannot be dismissed with such explanations as 'hysteria' and 'insanity.'"

Reading "The Road to the Tragedy," one must bear this in mind, for it modifies considerably Mr. Kerensky's picture of the Tsaritsa as a practically unbalanced woman, driven by furies to her fate—a view in favour of which, it must be added, he brings forward a great deal of evidence.

But to return to the confused, terrible story. In January 1917, a month or two before the Revolution broke out, the Tsar himself was in very bad health. "The testimony as to the Tsar's condition . . . reads almost like a medical report on a mental case." He did not realise his danger. When Rodzianko sent his famous telegram: "Position serious. Anarchy in capital. Government paralysed," etc., the Tsar's only comment was: "That fat Rodzianko has again written a whole lot of nonsense, which I shall not even bother to answer." Four days later, on the 2nd (15th) of March, the Tsar had abdicated, first in favour of his son, then in favour of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael.

"Around me," he wrote, "I see treason, cowardice, deceit."

The Revolution had come with spectacular suddenness. It was all over in five days. "By midday on the first," says Mr. Kerensky, "we had not a single battalion, in fact not a single rifle at our disposal. One well-disciplined regiment, equipped with machine-guns and genuinely devoted to the Tsar," could have exterminated "the entire Duma—its Left and its Right together. The only reason why this did not happen was that no such regiment could be found throughout the length and breadth of the Russian Empire. . . . We felt and knew that Nicholas II. was already quite harmless, because as a monarch he seemed suddenly and completely to have been dropped from the nation's thoughts."

The overthrow of Kerensky's Government sealed the Tsar's fate. The Royal Family was taken from Tobolsk and lodged in the Ipatiev house in Ekaterinburg, where their guards treated them with every kind of ignominy. The last section of Mr. Kerensky's narrative is quoted verbatim from an article by the Chairman of the Ekaterinburg Soviet, P. M. Bykov: it is stated to be "a summary of conversations with comrades who were in one way or another connected with events that concerned the family of the former Tsar, or took an active part in its execution and the destruction of the corpses." There seems to be no reason to doubt the genuineness of this document, which confirms the discoveries of the Investigator, Sokolov, and gives as detailed an account of the family's last moments as the most morbid lover of sensations could desire.

The second half of the book, called by Captain Bulygin "The Sorrowful Quest," supplements and amplifies the first. It is, of course, written in an entirely different spirit. Mr. Kerensky, however sympathetic in his attitude to the Romanovs, and anxious for their safety, was still a Revolutionary Prime Minister; Captain Bulygin was a member of the Old Guard, perfectly and unquestioningly loyal to the Monarchy. How frail and few was this band of supporters we have already seen. Perhaps not so small as Mr. Kerensky makes out. Sir Bernard Pares joins issue with him over this point: he "has overestimated the completeness of the isolation of the Imperial family in the public sentiment after the abdication . . . there is a good deal more evidence than we knew at the time of plans to rescue the family from their imprisonment."

It was, of course, the appearance of Admiral Kolchak's White Army in the neighbourhood of Ekaterinburg that gave the Bolsheviks their chief excuse for putting the Tsar to death. They were "afraid the Czechs might rescue him." But until then the efforts at rescue had been singularly futile. "The Brotherhood of St. John of Tobolsk," in whom the Tsaritsa placed her trust, was a mythical organisation, the report of whose existence was put about for the sake of getting money from royalists; and it must be recalled that certain monarchist groups in Moscow had hopes from the Germans, for Germany was the only Power that could over-awe the Bolsheviks. The German Ambassador, Count Mirbach, made repeated offers of help: "I know all about the situation in Tobolsk, and when the time comes the German Empire will act." This was after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. The Tsar, who from patriotism had wished Russia to continue fighting, was not anxious to receive help from such an unpopular source. He need not have worried: it was not forthcoming. But the plots and counterplots, and the insincerity on both sides, make these negotiations very troublesome to unravel.

Captain Bulygin went through some very exciting experiences on his way to Ekaterinburg, where he arrived shortly after the Tsar's death. Thrown into a Bolshevik prison, he only escaped execution by an extraordinary display of courage and resource. What information he gleaned from this visit he afterwards reported to the Dowager Empress in the Crimea. Then, after many wanderings, he arrived at Admiral Kolchak's headquarters in Omsk, where he also found Sokolov. After the White Army's occupation of Ekaterinburg, Sokolov had been appointed official Investigator into the circumstances of the Imperial Family's murder.

From this point his narrative is, as he modestly states, an attempt to "popularise" the account already written by Sokolov. He gives many details not found in Bykov's brief summary; in fact, he reconstructs completely the life led by the Imperial Family in the Ipatiev house, surrounded by a "flying squad of the Cheka." It makes absorbing, if painful, reading, as does also the detective-work by which the Investigators proved that the bodies of the victims had been burned in the neighbourhood of the disused "Four Brothers" mine. How pathetic three of the important clues are! The little lock which, "for no apparent reason," the Tsarevitch had been in the habit of carrying in his pocket;

the bent hair-pin, borrowed from his mother to make a fishing-hook; the pieces of red wax, fragments from candles supplied from the local monastery, which the Tsarevitch used for modelling toy men. Some of the discoveries were more gruesome. But nothing in the story of the Imperial Family's murder equals, for horror, the crime at Alapayevsk. The Grand Dukes Sergius, Ivan, Constantine, and Igor, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, and Prince Vladimir Paley were taken to an abandoned mine and thrown down the pit-shaft alive. One of them, it was found, had begun to eat earth before he died of starvation.

"The Murder of the Romanovs" is excellently translated by Mr. Gleb Kerensky, son of the former Prime Minister of the Provisional Government.



WHERE THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. AND HIS FAMILY WERE IMPRISONED BY THE BOLSHEVISTS AND MURDERED: IPATIEV'S HOUSE IN EKATERINBURG (NOW SVERDLOVSK); AND (INSET) THE BACK DOOR LEADING TO THE CELLARS BELOW, WHERE THE MURDERS TOOK PLACE.



THE INTERIOR OF IPATIEV'S HOUSE AT EKATERINBURG; SHOWING DAMAGE DONE BY THE BULLETS WHICH KILLED THE TSAR AND HIS FAMILY.

On July 16, 1918, the Russian Imperial family and their personal servants were ordered by their Bolshevik keepers to go down into the cellar of the house they occupied in Ekaterinburg. The pretext given was the approach of White Army marauders. There were three chairs in the cellar, and, when the murderers entered, the Tsar was sitting supporting the Tsarevitch, who was on another chair. A Superintendent fired point-blank at the Tsar's head, and this was the signal for indiscriminate shooting. Most of the party met their deaths quickly, but the maid Demidova was killed with bayonets, and the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who had fainted, was killed later.

Reproductions from "The Murder of the Romanovs"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

The rest of the story is soon told. The Royal Family, after they had been "deprived of their liberty," were kindly treated by Mr. Kerensky's Government. The great difficulty was to protect them from the enmity of the people. The Tsaritsa's "feverish perusal" and destruction of a great mass of letters gave the impression that she had been in treasonable correspondence with the enemy. The British Government's offer of asylum and hospitality brought a wild hope; only to be dashed early in July, when, from "considerations of internal British politics," the offer was withdrawn. From Tsarskoe-Selo the royal prisoners were sent for greater safety to Tobolsk in Siberia. Here Kerensky had an interview with the Tsar, and was struck by "his utter indifference to the world around him."

\* "The Murder of the Romanovs: The Authentic Account." By Captain Paul Bulygin, formerly in Command of the Personal Guard of the Dowager Empress; Including "The Road to the Tragedy," by Alexander Kerensky, Minister of Justice and Later Prime Minister of the Provisional Government of 1917. With an Introduction by Sir Bernard Pares, K.B.E., Professor of Russian Language, Literature and History in the University of London. With thirty-eight illustrations. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s.)



# Sydney in its Natural Colours: Government House and its Gardens.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Sydney, is fortunate in being situated on the shores of the fine harbour. Moreover, it is surrounded by the brilliant foliage of the botanical gardens. The house itself, built of sandstone, is the residence of the Governor of New South Wales. Two of our photographs show the famous harbour at its best; and Sydney's claim to present an even more beautiful prospect than Rio de Janeiro will find strong support in these illustrations. The city is unusually well endowed with parks and recreation-grounds. There are 647 acres of parks within its boundaries; and there are six thousand acres of similar reserves in the municipalities and two national reserves, National Park and the Kurrumbidgee Chase—both with magnificent scenery—and reserves at Parramatta and Botany Bay.

*(Continued opposite.)*



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY; WITH H.M.A.S. "CANBERRA" AT ANCHOR: THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES, WHICH HAS WELCOMED MANY CELEBRITIES, INCLUDING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

H.M.A.S. "Canberra," which appears in one of our photographs, is a sister-ship of the "Australia," the cruiser which recently steamed to the rescue of the "Seth Parker" while H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was on board. People of note visiting Sydney usually stay at Government House. The Duke of Gloucester was a guest there, and so were the Duke and Duchess of York, who visited Sydney during Sir Dudley de Chair's Governorship. Mr. Somerset de Chair, who sends us these photographs, is the son of Sir Dudley de Chair, who was Governor from 1924 to 1930. The photographs were taken by Mr. de Chair in Sydney. It is, further, interesting to note that Mr. de Chair has recently been adopted as prospective Conservative candidate for S.W. Norfolk, in succession to Sir Alan McLean, who is retiring.



IN THE GARDENS: A FRENCH VISITOR TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



BEAUTIFUL SYDNEY HARBOUR, RIVALLED ONLY BY RIO DE JANEIRO: A NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PART OF THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDENS.



AT A POOL IN THE GARDENS; AND (RIGHT) A GLIMPSE OF THE EAST COLONNADE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.





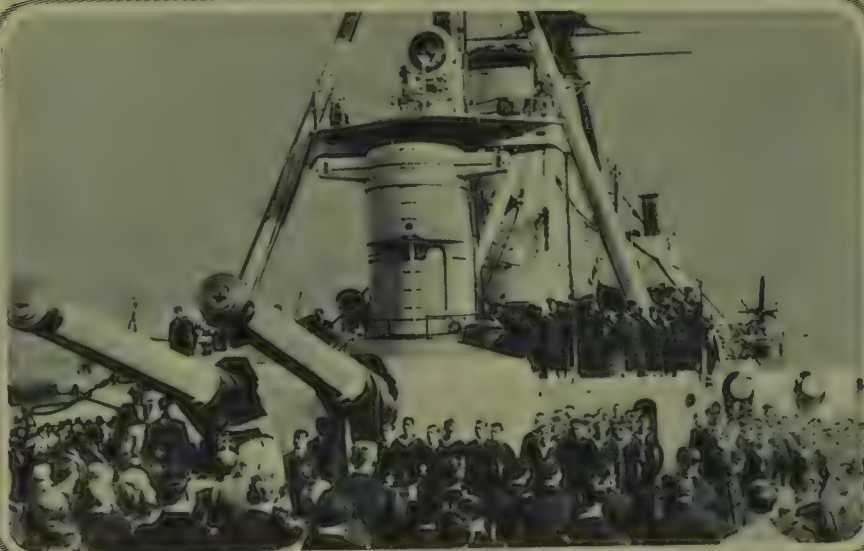
THE  
*New*  
**DUNLOP**  
**'90'**



THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRE



# CIVIL WAR IN GREECE: TYPICAL FORCES BY LAND, SEA, AND AIR; AND POPULAR EXCITEMENT.



ABOARD THE GREEK CRUISER "AVEROFF," THE REBEL FLAGSHIP REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SEVERAL TIMES BOMBED BY GOVERNMENT AIRCRAFT AND USED TO CONVEY M. VENIZELOS FROM CRETE: A CHURCH PARADE.



A UNIT OF THE AIR FORCE USED BY THE GREEK GOVERNMENT TO ASSIST IN SUPPRESSING THE REBELLION BY BOMBING THE REBEL WARSHIPS: LOADING BOMBS INTO AN AEROPLANE.



GREEK TROOPS IN STEEL HELMETS SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THE BRITISH TYPE: PART OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES EMPLOYED TO QUELL THE REBELLION MARCHING THROUGH ATHENS.



MECHANISATION IN THE GREEK ARMY, WHICH WAS CALLED INTO ACTIVITY BY THE RECENT REBELLION: A GOVERNMENT TANK AND ITS CREW, WITH A LINE OF ARMoured CARS BEYOND.



POPULAR EXCITEMENT IN ATHENS DURING THE CIVIL WAR: A GREAT CROWD ADDRESSED BY THE PREMIER, M. TSALDARIS, FROM A BALCONY WHERE HE IS SEEN STANDING WITH OTHER MINISTERS.

Strict censorship, propaganda, and other features of modern political crises have caused the most conflicting reports as to the Greek revolt. Even photographic material has become suspect in certain cases, owing to mistitling by the senders. For example, we are informed that the photograph, published in our last issue, which was accepted as showing Greek warships seized by the rebels leaving at full speed for Crete, was not what it purported to be. As we write, however, it is announced that the insurrection has been definitely crushed by the Government forces, both in Macedonia and the Aegean. On March 12 it became known

that M. Venizelos, the political leader of the revolt, with his wife and about 100 rebel officers, had fled from Crete in the cruiser "Averoff," and landed on the little Italian island of Casos. It was reported also that the various islands occupied by the rebels—Samos, Chios, and Mitylene—were again under Government control, and that other warships taken by the rebels to Crete (two destroyers and a submarine) had surrendered. The "Averoff," the largest vessel of the Greek Navy, was reported to have been bombed by aircraft during the rebellion. From Casos she headed for Salamis, in order to surrender.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON CURRENT EVENTS.



SILVER JUBILEE PREPARATIONS IN LONDON: REHEARSING THE CEREMONY OF PRESENTING THE CITY SWORD TO THE KING AT TEMPLE BAR.

The preparations for the celebration of the Royal Silver Jubilee, both in London and the provinces, proceed apace; and, while the more elaborate schemes are being planned, the details of various other ceremonies are being considered. Our photograph shows a rehearsal of the ceremony of presenting the City Sword to the King by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar. This took place on March 11, and, in order not to interfere with the traffic, it was held at 7 a.m.



ITALIAN AIRMEN RECEIVING RELIGIOUS MEDALS FROM A MONK WHO WEARS BOTH EPAULETTES AND CHEVRONS ON HIS HABIT!—A SCENE AT GENOA.

The situation in East Africa has become much easier, following the agreement by Italy and Abyssinia to set up a neutral zone. None the less, Italian troop movements continue. In particular, the liner "California" left Genoa on March 9 with 1000 officers and men of the Air Force who had volunteered for service. Our photograph shows some of these receiving religious medals from a monk, who not only wears epaulettes of a military pattern, but also chevrons on his arm!



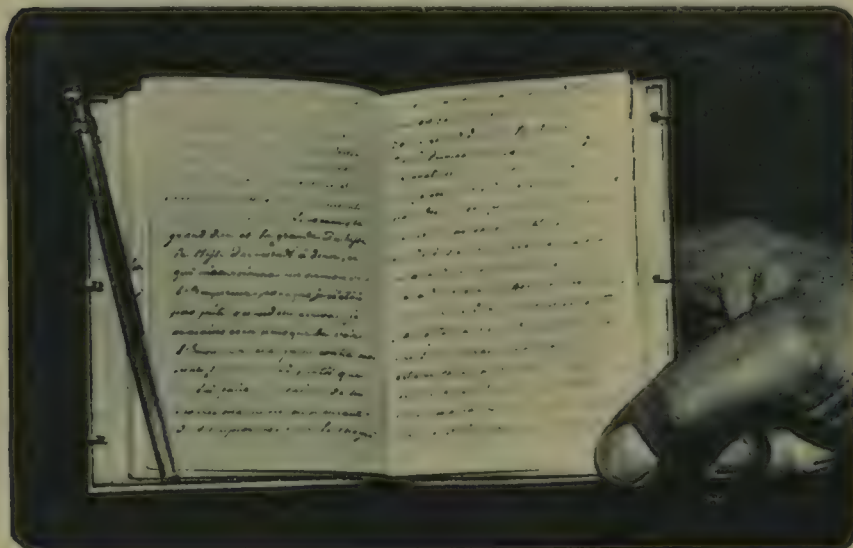
THE MAKING OF THE GREAT BELL WHICH WILL RING AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN GERMANY NEXT YEAR: HERR LEMCKE AND HIS DESIGN.

A correspondent notes of this photograph: "Franz Lemcke, the sculptor, has completed the design for the great Olympic Bell, which weighs some ten tons and will ring at the 1936 Olympic Games in Germany. Round the base is inscribed: 'I call to the youth of the land.' Herr Lemcke is seen putting the finishing touches to his design in his studio." Other works by Herr Lemcke are seen on the walls of his studio and on stands.



IN THE NEW "KING'S FOREST," SUFFOLK: A REAFFORESTED AREA WHICH WILL COMMEMORATE THE SILVER JUBILEE; SHOWING THE FUTURE "QUEEN MARY AVENUE."

The Forestry Commissioners announced recently that they had acquired for afforestation some 6000 acres, formerly part of the Gulford Estate, in Suffolk. It was added that, by permission of the King, the area will be named "The King's Forest," in commemoration of the Silver Jubilee, and in it there will be planted a beech avenue three miles long, to be called "Queen Mary's Avenue." Similar forests are planned in Wales and Scotland.



A DIARY OF MARIE LOUISE, NAPOLEON'S SECOND EMPRESS, TO BE SOLD IN LONDON: A BOOKLET OF THE GREATEST HISTORICAL AND SENTIMENTAL INTEREST.

It was announced recently that another collection of letters and MSS. of Napoleon, Marie Louise, and Josephine would be sold at Sotheby's next month. (It will be recalled that a wonderful collection of letters from Napoleon to his second Empress was acquired recently by the French Government.) It is stated that an original diary of Marie Louise has now come to light; together with a letter from her to Napoleon which was never despatched.



HERR HITLER IN SOUTH GERMANY, RECOVERING FROM HIS COLD: THE FÜHRER ATTENDING THE FUNERAL OF HIS FRIEND, HANS SCHEMM, THE BAVARIAN MINISTER.

On March 9 Herr von Neurath informed Sir Eric Phipps that Herr Hitler's cold and hoarseness required special treatment which would last about a fortnight; after which it was hoped Sir John Simon would be able to pay his postponed visit to Berlin. Meanwhile, Herr Hitler had left for Bayreuth to pay his last respects to his old friend, Hans Schemm, who was killed in an aeroplane accident. Herr Hitler's cold prevented him from delivering the funeral oration.



## THE DRAMATIC SIDE OF ENGINEERING: RAILWAY, COAL-MINE, AND NAVAL OCCASIONS.



THE L.N.E.R. TRAIN ON ITS WORLD-RECORD RUN FROM NEWCASTLE TO LONDON: A JOURNEY DURING WHICH IT ATTAINED, AT ONE POINT, A SPEED OF 108 MILES AN HOUR.

On March 5 this L.N.E.R. train ran from King's Cross to Newcastle-on-Tyne (268 miles) in 3 h. 57 min.—an average of 67½ m.p.h. On the return journey, for over 12 miles it exceeded 100 m.p.h., and for 30 seconds maintained an average of 105½ m.p.h., including 10 seconds at 108 m.p.h.—a world record. The whole return journey was done in 3 h. 51 min., at an average of 69½ m.p.h. The engine (used on both runs) was a Pacific built at Doncaster in 1928, and not specially prepared for the occasion.



THE NEW STEM-PIECE FOR H.M.S. "RENOWN" (DAMAGED IN COLLISION WITH H.M.S. "HOOD") AT BEARDMORE'S WORKS, PARKHEAD, GLASGOW: A 40 FT. BY 21 FT. CASTING, 14 TONS IN WEIGHT, MADE IN 20 DAYS.



A GERMAN BID TO BEAT THE L.N.E.R. WORLD-RECORD FOR RAILWAY SPEED (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE): THE NEW STREAMLINED STEAM LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR THE GERMAN STATE RAILWAYS.

This new streamlined steam locomotive was recently completed by the Borsig Locomotive Works, and delivered to the German State Railway Company. Preliminary trials took place at Berlin, and it was reported on March 11 that an attempt would shortly be made to beat the world-record of 108 miles an hour lately established by the London and North Eastern train shown on this page in our top left illustration. The German engine was expected to develop a maximum speed of nearly 110 m.p.h.



THE FIRST DESCENT OF THE GRESFORD COAL-PIT SINCE IT ENTOMBED 261 MINERS LAST SEPTEMBER: ONE OF THREE EXPLORING TEAMS, WITH HELMETS AND BREATHING APPARATUS.

The Gresford Colliery, where 261 miners lost their lives on September 22, was re-entered for the first time on March 7 by three exploring teams, working in relays, to examine the damage and prepare for reopening the mine. They faced peril from a poisoned atmosphere (in which no human being could survive without the special breathing apparatus provided) and from possible falls of roof, as a protection against which they wore special helmets. The work was continued next day, and was resumed on March 11.



WORKMEN INSIDE A GAP IN THE "RENOWN'S" STEM, WHERE A HOLE WAS TORN BY THE "HOOD'S" PROPELLER: REPAIRS IN DRY-DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH.

In the collision between the battle-cruisers H.M.S. "Renown" and "Hood," which led to the recent courts-martial, both ships were damaged, the "Renown" more severely. She was recently dry-docked at Portsmouth, where the extent of the injury became visible. Just below the water-line, the stem was twisted several feet from the vertical, while the plating towards the base was also bent. About 12 ft. from the bottom was a gap caused by the "Hood's" propeller, the rivets being wrenched away and plates torn open. A new stem, measuring 40 ft. by 21 ft. and weighing 14 tons, was constructed in the record time of 20 days by Messrs W. Beardmore and Co. at their Parkhead forge, Glasgow, in co-operation with Messrs. Fairfield, of Govan, the builders of the "Renown." The casting was shipped from the Clyde, for conveyance to Portsmouth, on March 7.





### SPRAY, WIND, AND SPEED.

This very fine and dramatic photograph shows a British destroyer, H.M.S. "Sturdy," battling her way through heavy seas, during a gale in the Mediterranean, to take part in the Naval Exercises, of which some details are given on our front page. The scene suggests a marine parallel to Turner's famous picture of the Great Western Railway, entitled "Rain, Steam and Speed." The "Sturdy," we may add, belongs to the "S" class of 905-ton destroyers of 27,000 s.h.p., with a designed speed of 36 knots. In the latest edition of "Jane's Fighting Ships," she is described as being "without armament" and "employed as an aircraft-carrier tender."



## IN PORTUGUESE GUINEA: WHIPPING A RACING BOAT'S FIGUREHEAD—A CRAFT WITH A "DRIVER," ENSURING SPEED.

WEST AFRICA EXPEDITION. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK, VIENNA



A "WAR-CANOE" OF THE BIJOGO OF PORTUGUESE GUINEA—WHO WERE ONCE NOTORIOUS AS PIRATES: A LONG "GALLEY" UNDER WAY WITH ITS FULL COMPLEMENT OF TWENTY STANDING OARSMEN; A STEERSMAN; A DRUMMER; AND A "DRIVER" WHO SPEEDS THE BOAT BY WHIPPING UP THE FIGUREHEAD.



BIJOGO MEN LAUNCHING A BOAT ON BUBAQUE ISLAND, PORTUGUESE GUINEA: AN UNDERTAKING WHICH HAD TO BE DEFERRED UNTIL THE FIGUREHEAD HAD BEEN CAREFULLY REPAINTED, AND A PALM-LEAF CHARM HUNG AT THE BOWS.



BIJOGO MEN MAKING READY FOR SEA: REPAINTING AND DECORATING THE BOAT'S FIGUREHEAD—AN ESSENTIAL PRELIMINARY.

THAT well-known African traveller, Herr Hugo A. Bernatzik, describes as follows the occasion on which he was able to take the photographs reproduced here. "The boats of the Bijogo pirates, of what is now Portuguese Guinea, are often mentioned in old narratives. For a long while I hunted for one of these boats without success. At last I came across one on Bubaque Island. It was moored in a shallow bay. A carving of the head of a good-sized steer adorned the bows; and the sides were decorated with designs of sharks, oxen, and hippopotami in black, white, and red. The king of the island boasted that this craft was faster than a motor-boat. He gave orders and men set about repainting the boat; first ceremonially renewing the water-charm (a bundle of palm-leaves in the bow). Twenty hefty rowers launched the boat; and a drummer took his place immediately before the steersman in the stern, ready to give the stroke to the oarsmen. Off they went, with a man standing in the bows whipping the figurehead to speed the boat, while the crew plied their oars to a drum accompaniment and the bellowing of rhythmic war-songs, making great efforts to overtake me in my motor-boat."



THE BIJOGO "WAR-CANOE," WHICH ITS OWNERS BOASTED COULD OUT-PACE A MOTOR-BOAT, PUTTING TO SEA: A SOMEWHAT "RAGGED" CREW, CARRYING TWO "OFFICIALS" BESIDES THE STEERSMAN; NAMELY, A MAN TO WHIP UP THE FIGUREHEAD AND SO SPEED THE BOAT, AND A DRUMMER TO GIVE THE STROKE.



# IN PORTUGUESE GUINEA: A NATIVE "VILLE ROYALE"; A DOLL-BABY; AND HEADDRESSES APPROVED BY LOCAL HIGH SOCIETY.

WEST AFRICA EXPEDITION. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK, VIENNA.



A NATIVE  
"VILLE ROYALE":  
AN AIR-VIEW  
OF THE  
RESIDENCE OF  
QUEEN PAMPA  
KANJIMPA ON  
THE ORANGO  
GRANDE.



A NATIVE  
"GRANDE DAME":  
A WIFE OF THE  
FULANI SULTAN  
OF DANDUM  
WEARING VALUABLE  
GOLDEN HEAD-  
ORNAMENTS.



A BLACK GIRL WITH HER WOODEN DOLL: A TOY CARRIED JUST AS A  
REAL CHILD WOULD BE, ON THE HIP, WITH LEGS WIDE APART; AND  
POSSIBLY A FERTILITY CHARM.



APPROVED HEADDRESS AT A COURT: A WIFE OF THE SULTAN OF DANDUM  
ADORNED WITH SILVER AND GOLD, AND BOASTING A NEAT COIFFURE.

Portuguese Guinea, on the coast of Senegambia, where Herr Bernatzik obtained the fine photographs reproduced here and on the opposite page, is a colony largely consisting of low-lying deltaic lands, together with an archipelago of low-lying islands, the Bissagos. Large forest regions extend behind the mangrove-lined lagoons, and here dwell a mixed population—mostly Fulani, with scattered communities of Mandinga. The former are a long-headed white race of pastoralists, of disputed origin, with a considerable intermixture of blood. They have regular features and narrow nose, wavy hair, light complexion, and are long-limbed and highly strung. They live

independently, or near cultivators, whose cattle they herd. They are usually Mohammedans, but a small proportion are animists. The Mandinga, on the other hand, are a big-jowled, flat-nosed people with projecting cheek-bones and regular features. The Fulani call them Malinke. Descent is matrilineal among them; and though, in mediaeval times, certain noble families became adherents of Islam, the people in general are still animists and retain their agrarian festivals and seasonal rites. The Mohammedan Fula and Mandingo have been the allies of the Portuguese in the pacification of the country.



## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



**SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL.**  
Set up a new land speed record at Daytona Beach when he drove his "Blue Bird" car (with a 2500-h.p. Rolls-Royce Schneider Trophy engine), at 276.816 m.p.h. Subsequently, he spoke of trying to achieve 300 m.p.h.



**MR. ALBERT FRANSELLA.**  
The famous flautist. Found dead on March 7; aged sixty-nine. Before the age of sixteen he had played in the Symphony Orchestra at Amsterdam. After five years at the Crystal Palace, became Queen's Hall soloist. Professor, Guildhall School of Music.



**PRESIDENT MASARYK.**  
The veteran President of Czechoslovakia. Celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on March 7; an event commemorated by festivities on a great scale in Czechoslovakia. In London during the war. First elected President, 1918; re-elected, 1920 and 1927.



**THE REV. A. V. BILLEN, D.D.**  
Appointed Headmaster of Wellington School on March 8; in succession to Mr. Lyonulph de Orellana Tollemache, who has resigned. Previously Headmaster of Ellesmere College, Shrewsbury. Grinfield Lecturer, Oxford University, 1931-35.



**JUSTICE O. W. HOLMES.**  
Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court for twenty-nine years. Died March 6; aged ninety-three. His father was the famous author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Author of "The Common Law."



THE CAR IN WHICH SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL BROKE THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD AT DAYTONA BY TRAVELLING AT 276 M.P.H.; "BLUE BIRD" AT SPEED ON THE BEACH.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND LEAVES LONDON: LORD GALWAY, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL STREET; WITH LADY GALWAY AND THEIR FAMILY.

Lord Galway left London on March 7 to take up his duties as Governor-General of New Zealand. He was seen off at Liverpool Street by Lord Hampden, representing the King; Admiral Bromley, representing the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs; Sir Edward Harding, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs; and Sir H. F. Batterbee, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs. Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand, is seen on the right.



A DARING PARACHUTIST MEETS HIS END: MR. JOHN TRANUM, WHO COLLAPSED AT 33,000 FT., PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE THE FATAL ASCENT.

The Danish parachutist, Mr. John Tranum, when making an ascent in an aeroplane with the intention of beating the world's record for a delayed drop by parachute, lost consciousness at a height of 33,000 ft. and died after the machine had landed. Mr. Tranum set up a world record at Heston in 1931, by jumping seven times from a height of 1000 ft. In 1933 he dropped 17,250 ft. at Netheravon before opening his parachute.



GENERAL GÖRING TO MARRY: THE PREMIER OF PRUSSIA WITH HIS HANCÉE, FRAU EMMY SONNEMANN.

General Göring, the Premier of Prussia and Reich Air Minister, who is a widower, is to be married on April 11 to Frau Emmy Sonnemann, a well-known German actress, who, after a career in the provinces, was given an appointment at the Prussian State Theatre in 1933. Last autumn General Göring conferred on her the title of "Prussian State Player."



THE LAST OF CORSICA'S BANDITS BROUGHT TO BOOK: SPADA ON TRIAL; WHEN HE WAS FOUND GUILTY OF SEVERAL MURDERS AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

André Spada, for over ten years the acknowledged leader of the bandits of Corsica and the last to be brought to justice, was found guilty of all the charges of murder brought against him, at Bastia on March 6, and sentenced to death. He heard the sentence unmoved. Spada, it was said, had shown signs of religious mania, but one of the prosecuting counsel maintained that this was only feigned.



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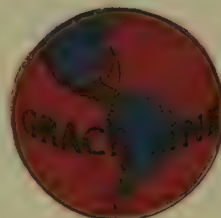
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*Here's to a good Flip!*

Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. John Tilley  
talking it over with Mr. Richard Pearse, the well-known Pilot at Heston Airport.



# FATHER A LION; MOTHER A TIGER: THREE RARE HYBRIDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE PARENTS AND THEIR THREE-MONTHS-OLD OFFSPRING IN THE BLOEMFONTEIN "ZOO"; THE CUBS PRESENTING INTERESTING FEATURES IN REGARD TO THEIR MARKINGS—SPOTS AND STRIPES.

While there are several records of lion-tiger hybrids, in all cases the male parent was the lion. No attempt seems ever to have been made to test the fertility of such offspring, either between other hybrids of the same parentage or back to one or other of the pure-bred parents. They would probably prove infertile, since crosses between distinct species commonly have this negative result. Hybrids, however, between the polar bear and brown bear, and the Sika deer of Japan and the red deer, have been reared, and have produced fertile offspring. In certain parts of Asia Minor, crosses between the female one-humped and the male Bactrian, or two-humped, camel are commonly made, and the hybrids are fertile.

The photographs of these lion-tiger hybrids present some interesting features in regard to their markings. For it will be noted that, while the body is striped like that of the mother, but with stripes of a slightly different type, and more numerous, the crown of the head is not transversely barred, as in her. But in two of the cubs it is spotted, like a young lion-cub, while in the third the spots have run together to form loops of black. Similar spots are traceable on the crown of the male parent, which, by the way, has apparently only just attained to maturity, since spots and blotches are still traceable on the body, though fading out. Lion-cubs, it will be remembered, are always conspicuously spotted.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE DOOM OF THE GREAT WHALES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I AM looking forward with some anxiety to the return, this spring, of the *William Scoresby* and *Discovery II*, from the Antarctic whaling fields. They were dispatched, in the autumn of last year, for further investigation into the life-history of the great rorquals, which are hunted by the whalers; and to report on the numbers killed: for the destruction which has been going on for the last few years has been causing the gravest forebodings, not only to those of us who are alarmed at their possible extermination, but also to those concerned for the future of the "industry" itself.

A growing sense of the seriousness of the position led to a Convention, signed in 1931, by the Governments represented by the League of Nations at Geneva, which bound themselves to introduce a system of licensing for all whaling-ships in their respective countries; and attaching to the licences conditions giving partial, or complete, protection to certain species of whales. In the closing days of the last Parliamentary Session, the "Whaling Industry Bill" passed through all its stages. But this Bill, like that which has been passed in Norway, actually goes beyond the terms of the Convention. It prohibits altogether the capture of "right-whales," of whales below certain sizes, and of females accompanied by their young. It also gives power to the licensing authority to establish a close season, and to extend its provisions to "any other species of whale" internationally agreed on.

The history of whaling makes mournful reading. It

numbers were described as incredibly great, and its range extended to the Antarctic. To-day, only a remnant remains. The term right-whale was used by the early whalers to distinguish them from the rorquals, which were too swift to be taken by the means at their disposal. From the rorquals they are distinguished by the great length of the baleen-plates, or "whale-bone"; which, in the Greenland whale, measured as much as 13 ft.

Company, in their report to the sixth Annual General Meeting, referred to a "sales pool" which had been formed to embrace all the Norwegian companies. For 1933-4, the quantity of oil controlled by the company amounted to 1,830,000 barrels, of which 900,000 were purchased by Germany. I have said enough on this head to serve my purpose; which is to voice the growing alarm of zoologists at the probable

result of this insensate slaughter. Our only hope is that the whaling companies will take immediate steps to conserve their own interests, and ours.

The rorquals now being hunted are of three species: the blue-whale, the largest mammal which has ever lived, attaining to a length of as much as 110 ft.; the "finner," which reaches 70 ft.; and the "sei-whale," or Rudolph's rorqual. But the blue-whale is the most eagerly sought after, and, as Sir Sidney Harmer has shown, in his most wonderful Report on the Whaling Industry, this animal is not only rapidly declining in numbers but also in size, and the same is true of the "finner."

When the Antarctic whaling began, hordes of another species, closely related to the rorquals, were found. This was the hump-back, remarkable for the enormous length of the flipper. For some years its pursuit was merciless, and took preference of the rorquals. But the end of this plenty was sudden. To-day they are rare, where once they swarmed. Another near relation of the rorquals is the Pacific grey whale (*Rhachianectes*), presenting many structural peculiarities of no small importance to the man of science. It formerly frequented the coast of California. To-day it is rare. Unlike



SPERM-WHALE FISHING—OLD STYLE: THE WHALE LEAPING CLEAR OF THE WATER AND SHOWING PLAINLY THE HUGE MASS ABOVE THE TOP OF THE UPPER JAW (KNOWN TO WHALERS AS THE "CASE") IN WHICH THE COVETED "SPERM-OIL" IS CONTAINED.

Before the days of petroleum, the limpid sperm-whale oil provided an unrivalled illuminant. The blubber covering the rest of the body, and the curious substance sometimes found in the intestine and known as ambergris (much in demand in perfumery), added further to the animal's value. Fortunately for the sperm-whale, the shrinking of the market for sperm-whale oil has somewhat eased the persecution it was formerly accorded.

long and were of great commercial value on account of their elasticity. These plates in the rorquals are relatively short, and triangular in shape. At first unsalable, in the last few years a method has been

all the other whales, it hunted for its food in shallow water, sometimes in water barely deep enough to float it, and this decreased its chances of escape.

Finally, mention must be made of the great sperm-whale, attaining to a length of 60 ft. It is a creature of wide distribution, but confined to the warmer seas. At one time it was relentlessly hunted, but that hunting is no longer commercially profitable, so great was the slaughter up to the middle of the nineteenth century. It was chiefly coveted for the



ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE WHALES TO BE REDUCED TO THE VERGE OF EXTINCTION BY HUNTING: THE GREENLAND "RIGHT-WHALE"; WITH THE BALEEN PLATES HANGING FROM THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH CLEARLY VISIBLE.

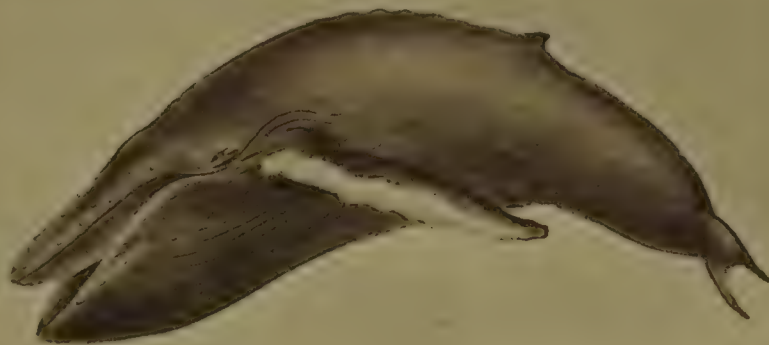
is a story throughout of killing geese that laid golden eggs. It began with the hunting of the Biscay right-whale by the Basques in the Middle Ages. That fishery lasted till the end of the sixteenth century. As their numbers in the Bay of Biscay declined, the whalers ventured out across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, and as far north as the Greenland Sea. By this time, the Norwegians had entered the lists, so that, from 1596 to 1622, they had established a flourishing industry between the North Cape and Bear Island. By about 1700 this species had become excessively rare.

The pursuit, further and further north, of the "Biscay right-whale," led to the discovery of the Greenland right-whale, a far larger and more valuable animal; so that, by 1611, large numbers were being killed off Spitzbergen. Here, again, apparently inexhaustible hordes became reduced to the verge of extinction, though hunting lasted until 1911, with 7 whales between 8 ships. It may be that a few individuals of this most remarkable of all the whale tribe have escaped this long sustained persecution, but it is to be feared that their numbers have been so reduced as to make recovery impossible.

We now come to a third species, the Southern right-whale. It swarmed 150 years ago round the coasts of South Africa, while in the Indian Ocean its

devised of disintegrating them to form bristles of varying thickness, used for making brooms and brushes. The right-whale, and the giant sperm-whale were killed by a hand-harpoon, thrown by a man from a boat launched from the whaling vessel as soon as a whale was sighted—perilous work, often ending in disaster.

It was not until 1865, when the explosive harpoon fired from a gun was invented, that it became possible to hunt rorquals, first around the coasts of Norway, then the Shetlands, and finally, as the fishing declined, in the far Antarctic. This hunting shifted to the new-found El Dorado in 1905; and the catches were brought to shore stations for "flensing." Later, "floating factories" replaced these, growing larger and larger. The *Kosmos*, the giant for the moment, of 22,000 tons, accounted in 1933 for 1850 whales during a season of four and a half months. The total killed by Norwegian vessels for 1928-9 amounted to 27,427. The Viking



A WHALE THAT FORMERLY ABOUNDED IN INCREDIBLE NUMBERS IN THE ANTARCTIC, BUT, BY INTENSIVE HUNTING, WAS REDUCED TO A SMALL REMNANT: THE HUMP-BACK WHALE; REMARKABLE FOR THE ENORMOUS LENGTH OF ITS FLIPPER, THE FRONT BORDER OF WHICH IS STRANGELY NOTCHED.

sake of the sperm-oil, but the discovery of petroleum in 1859 made the hunting less profitable; moreover, it had already become difficult to pay expenses.

But the sperm-whale differs from all the other species here mentioned in that it is one of the "toothed whales," though no more than vestiges of teeth are to be found in the upper jaw.

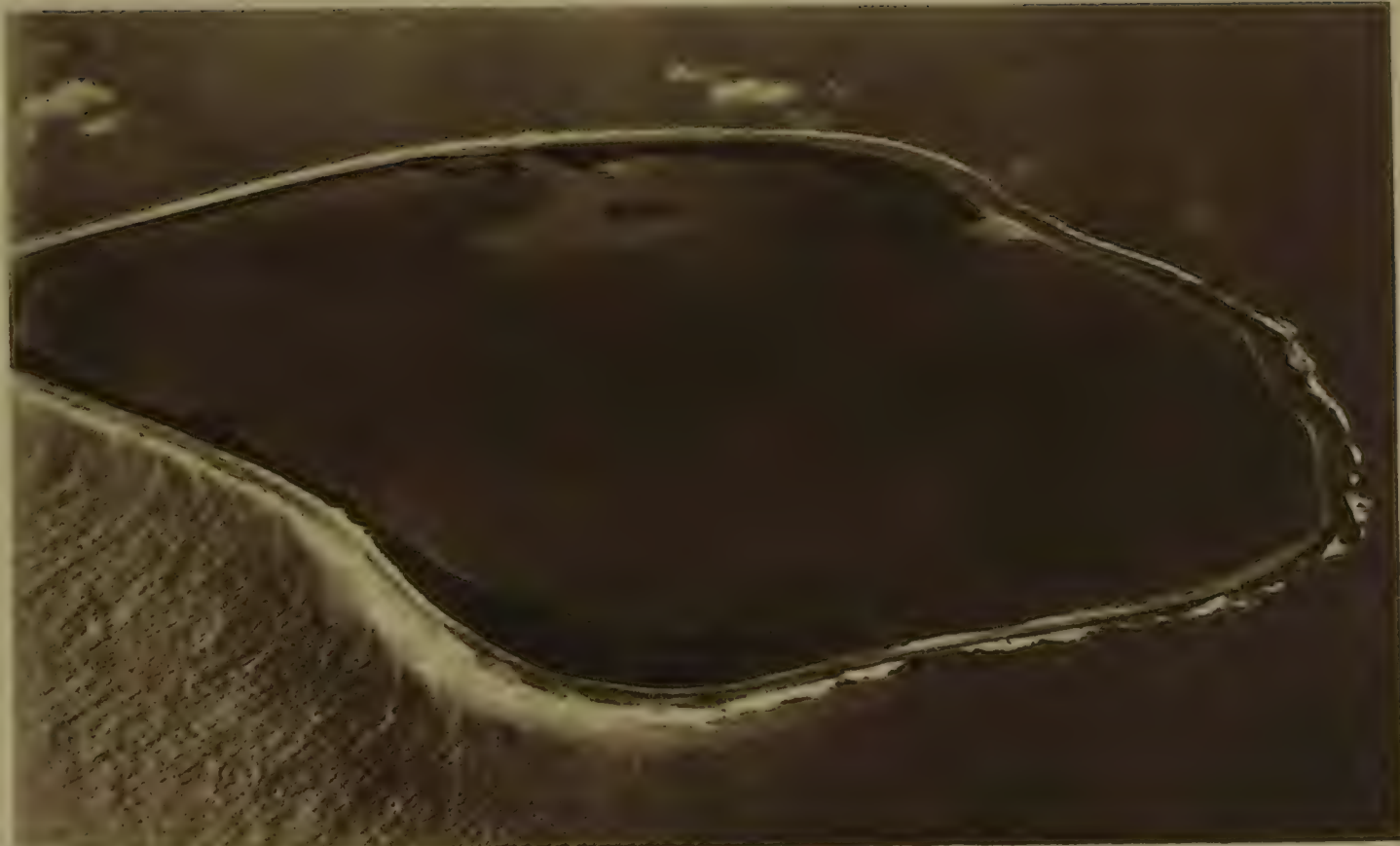
It has been impossible to do more than set down the broad outlines of this story of callous and reckless exploitation which may yet have its repercussion on the resources of the sea.



# FRANCE ADDS EIGHT COCONUT PALMS TO HER EMPIRE!— CLIPPERTON ANNEXED AND SURVEYED.

FOR forty years Clipperton Island, which lies some four hundred miles off the coast of Mexico, was a subject of dispute between France and Mexico. But in 1931, after arbitration by the King of Italy, the little island was awarded to France. In December 1934, the French training-cruiser "Jeanne d'Arc" made an unsuccessful attempt to plant the French flag on the island. The heavy swell rendered the shores unapproachable. Subsequently, however, the cruiser returned to Clipperton, and in January of this year a successful attempt was made at a landing. A French officer who had

[Continued on right.]



THE RING ATOLL AT CLIPPERTON ISLAND: THE REMOTE PACIFIC DOMAIN FORMALLY ANNEXED BY FRANCE WHEN THE CRUISER "JEANNE D'ARC" VISITED THE SPOT, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY BARREN, EXCEPT FOR EIGHT COCONUT PALMS.



THE TREMENDOUS SURF WHICH FRUSTRATED A PREVIOUS ATTEMPT TO LAND ON CLIPPERTON ISLAND: A BOAT RIDING THE PACIFIC BREAKERS (WHICH SWARM WITH SHARKS); AND THE PLACID LAGOON BEYOND.



COMMEMORATING THE FORMAL VISIT OF THE "JEANNE D'ARC": THE SEAL AFFIXED TO CLIPPERTON ROCK.

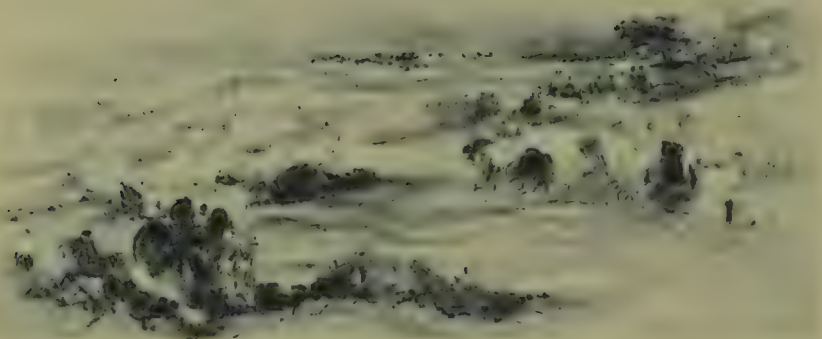


CLIPPERTON ROCK WITH THE TRICOLOUR FLYING FROM THE SUMMIT: THE CHIEF FEATURE OF THE WATERLESS ISLAND, WHICH THE MEXICANS FORMERLY USED AS A SOURCE OF GUANO.

[Continued.] practised bringing boats to land in heavy breakers at Long Beach succeeded in getting through the surf, being carried forward thirty or forty yards by three successive great waves. There was one moment of tension when a member of the party fell into the water, for sharks were swarming round their boat. However, in this way two landings were made. After the first, the French flag was hoisted and a plaque set up. This bore the legend: "'Jeanne d'Arc' à Clipperton. 2 Décembre 1934," having been prepared for the previous attempt. On the second day a topographical survey was made and geographical and botanical specimens were obtained. Meanwhile, photographs of the island were taken from a seaplane and soundings were made in the waters round it. The supplies of guano which formerly constituted an attraction to the Mexicans have nowadays almost vanished. The visitors were astonished that people could have lived for several years on this island, where there are just eight coconut palms and apparently not a drop of fresh water.



# AN EXHIBITION OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO "GUNNERS": CAMPION WATER-COLOURS.



"CAMP IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK": A SCENE INCLUDING ARTILLERY, LIFE GUARDS, DRAGOONS, AND FUSILIERS.

Artillerymen in particular will find much to interest them in the exhibition at Walker's Galleries (continuing till March 23) of over seventy water-colours by George B. Campion (1796-1870), formerly Drawing Master at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; for he excelled in military subjects, and the exhibits include many scenes of artillery in action or at practice. Campion was one of the first members of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours (now the Royal Institute), and was Vice-President from 1839 to 1841. Up to 1869 he showed no fewer than 433 works at the Society's exhibitions. After his death (on April 1, 1870) a sale of his remaining works, at Christie's, comprised about 700 pictures, sketches, and studies. Besides the military subjects, the exhibition includes landscapes and scenes of historic note, especially the Royal Masquerade Ball held in the theatre, at Woolwich in the late 'sixties. Queen Victoria is seen looking on, and among the company are the Prince Imperial and General Gordon, while the central figure among the dancers is the present Duke of Connaught—an interesting reminder how far his career extends into the past. The Duke became a gentleman cadet at Woolwich in 1866, and lived at the Ranger's House, in Greenwich Park, whence he rode or drove over to Woolwich for his work there. Another notable record is the portrait-sketch of the Nepalese Ambassador of 1850, with the "Iron Duke" in the background.



"ARTILLERY AT EXERCISE": AN INTERESTING RECORD OF BYGONE UNIFORMS, GUNS AND METHODS OF FIRING.



"CAVALRY EMBARKING": A QUAYSIDE SCENE IN DAYS WHEN SOME OF THE "WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND" STILL SURVIVED.



"ROYAL MASQUERADE BALL, R.M.A., WOOLWICH": SHOWING QUEEN VICTORIA (SEATED ON THE STAGE, RIGHT) AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (CENTRE).



"BRITISH TROOPS FORCING THE PASSAGE OF A RIVER UNDER HEAVY FIRE—1860": A WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE IN 1860.



"THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR, JUNG BAHADOOR": A SKETCH IN THE MORTAR BATTERY, WOOLWICH, ON JUNE 28, 1850—(ON RIGHT) THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



## A GREAT REMBRANDT THAT HAS CHANGED HANDS AGAIN—IN THE STATES.



"SELF-PORTRAIT."—BY REMBRANDT: A MAGNIFICENT WORK—LONG RECORDED AND ONCE SOLD FOR A SONG (£157 10s.!)—WHICH HAS BEEN BOUGHT IN NEW YORK BY AN AMERICAN COLLECTOR.

No one has ever painted himself with more understanding than Rembrandt van Rhyn. We know him as a young man at the beginning of his career, as a vigorous and apparently prosperous middle-aged Dutch burgher, and as a disillusioned bankrupt, a weary, seedy old fellow who yet retains something of the dignity that belongs to every phase of his art. The picture we reproduce has just been acquired by an American collector from the Knoedler Galleries, New York. Its qualities—particularly the beautiful, firm, sensitive modelling of the face—are obvious and require no comment. The work was recorded as long ago as 1806, when it belonged to M. Marivaux, in Paris. Thence it went to Moscow. Its next appearance in public was at a London sale in 1844. It was

sold to Mr. T. Garle for £315, and was next heard of in 1862, when it changed hands for £157 10s. J. Smith ("Catalogue Raisonné Smith") sold it to Mr. J. Poynder, from whose family (that of the present Lord Islington) it was acquired by Knoedler's. It was seen in a New York exhibition in 1933. The text-books (e.g., the "Klassiker der Kunst") assign it to the year 1660; but the late Dr. de Groot pointed out that the date could be read as 1650, and this appears to be the general opinion to-day. It is not easy to reconcile the features with either the other 1650 or the 1660 self-portraits: this, however, is a minor point—there can be no two opinions as to the interest and importance of this example from Rembrandt's finest period.—[BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER, NEW YORK.]



# ART MATTERS OF THE MOMENT : MODERN PAINTINGS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



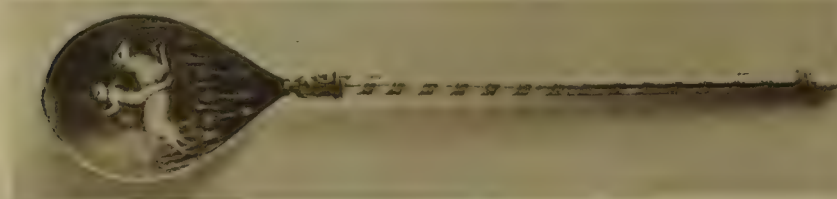
THE GOSPEL IN MODERN INDIAN ART: "THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM," A FRESCO IN DELHI BY A. D. THOMAS, A YOUNG INDIAN CHRISTIAN PAINTER, WHOSE STUDIES IN FLORENCE LEND HIS WORK A PREDOMINANT ITALIAN INFLUENCE.

We illustrate two remarkable examples of modern Indian art applied to Christian subjects. In sending us the photographs, the Rev. D. V. Gibbon, Principal of the Delhi United Christian School, writes: "The two frescoes, painted this year by a young Indian Christian artist, are arousing much interest here. The artist, Mr. A. D. Thomas, son of an ex-headmaster of the Government High School, Agra, was trained at the Lucknow School of Arts and Crafts. In 1930 he proceeded to Florence, where for three years he studied in the life class of the Royal Academy, taking special training in fresco technique. In Italy he was much influenced by the work of Benvenuti." (Continued on right.)



"DIEPPE HARBOUR," BY J. S. COTMAN: A RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM—ONE OF THIRTY-TWO DRAWINGS IN AN IMPORTANT BEQUEST BY LADY POWELL.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently received an important bequest of thirty-two drawings, mostly in water-colour, from the late Lady Powell, widow of the late Sir Richard Douglas Powell, Bt., Physician to Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George. The bequest includes examples by Turner, Cotman, Girtin, Cozens and Bonington. One of the two works by J. S. Cotman is the above view of Dieppe Harbour, signed and dated 1823, probably the original of the replica exhibited at the Old Water Colour Society in 1925 and acquired by the Museum in 1876 in the William Smith bequest. The other is a large painting of the Maison Abbatiale of the Abbey of St. Ouen at Rouen, demolished in 1816. There is also in the Powell bequest an early Cotman drawing of the Ouse Bridge at York, signed and dated 1803. Cotman visited York in that year.



A SILVER SPOON WITH BOWL IN RARE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTED ENAMEL OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN REPRESENTING A GROTESQUE MONKEY: A RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



"CAPE SPARTEL," BY JAMES MCBEY: A PICTURE OF THE MOROCCAN COAST INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION OF THIRTY BRITISH PAINTERS AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERIES.

Among current art shows in London, one that should not be missed is the Exhibition of Thirty British Painters at the Lefevre Galleries, 1a, King Street, St. James's, which will remain open until March 30. Mr. Sickert's fine picture of the statue of Duquesne at Dieppe, though painted in 1903, has not previously been exhibited in England. Its measurements, by the way, are 52 by 42 inches. The subject suggests comparison with Cotman's water-colour of Dieppe (here reproduced) painted just eighty years earlier; the foreground figures in the two works, presenting some points both of affinity and contrast. The Marquis Duquesne, a famous French naval commander, was born at Dieppe in 1610. Mr. James McBey, who is an Aberdeenshire man, was official artist to the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in 1917-18. He has painted in Morocco, as well as in Spain, France, and Holland. Cape Spartel, near Tangier, forms the extreme north-west point of the Moroccan coast.



AN INDIAN VERSION OF "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI": AN ALTAR-PIECE BY A. D. THOMAS IN A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL CHAPEL AT DELHI—THE FIGURES REPRESENTING VARIOUS TYPES AND RACES IN INDIA.

Coggi. He exhibited in Florence and Rome, and at Oxford in 1933, also at the British Empire Academy, London. Some of his paintings have been bought by the Royal Pitti Modern Art Gallery, Florence. These frescoes are in the Chapel of the Cambridge Hostel of the Delhi United Christian School. In the altar-piece, all the figures represent various types and races in India. The Italian influence is predominant. The other fresco—the entry into Jerusalem—is over the chancel arch. Parts of the Via Dolorosa and other Jerusalem buildings were incorporated, from photographs, and the distant village was copied from a picture of Bethlehem.



"STATUE OF DUQUESNE, DIEPPE": AN OIL PAINTING BY W. R. SICKERT, R.A., SHOWN AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERIES—AN INTERESTING SUBJECT FOR COMPARISON WITH COTMAN'S WATER-COLOUR OF DIEPPE (ABOVE, LEFT) EIGHTY YEARS EARLIER.





# Guinness glass Logic

*{Adapted by Tweedledum and Tweedledee from the Looking Glass original}*

“I know what you’re thinking,” said Tweedledum suddenly, as Alice stared at them, wondering which was which. “You’re thinking that no one could tell us apart. But it isn’t so, nohow.”

“Contrariwise,” said Tweedledee, “there’s no need to tell us apart. If you’ve got anything to say, you can tell us together.”

But the words of the old song kept ringing through Alice’s head and all she could think of was:

*“Tweedledum and Tweedledee*

*Agreed to have a bottle . . . .”*

So she said as politely as she could, “I was wondering if *you* could tell *me* the name

of that lovely-looking drink you are holding?”

“Of course we could,” said Tweedledum. “Anyone could tell a Guinness. Guinness is absolutely distinctive; you can’t mistake Guinness for anything else. Nohow!”

“Contrariwise,” continued Tweedledee, “you can’t mistake anything else for Guinness. Look at its deep, rich colour, its creamy head, and its splendid, refreshing taste—”

“You can’t look at a taste, you know,” said Alice, “but I suppose you mean that you like Guinness very much?”

“Of course we do,” said Tweedledum. “Haven’t we just said that there’s nothing like it?”





THERE is, as everyone knows, only one place in this country in which it is possible to study Greek Vases with the attention they deserve, and that is the British Museum. The collection there is so fine, and so complete, that people very easily take it for granted and keep away.

Neither, I think, is the shy stranger encouraged to linger over-long in the big vase room; he finds himself in a rather poor light, surrounded by masterpieces, black against red and red against black, and if he steps back to admire one, he is liable to lean up against a case behind him. They are not very easy things to arrange anyway, and still less in a semi-religious atmosphere; they really require the sunshine of their native land, or failing that, the light background which is now so successful in the Egyptian saloons upstairs, and the gallery in which the Ur pieces are displayed. Moreover, whole battalions of pots in sombre colouring are a little alarming. I can claim as avid a taste for Attic pots as most people; but I would like a little more Attic salt used in their display. The new galleries at the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge provide one object-lesson in the art of showing fine things without being dull; no doubt, when funds permit, the Greek collection in Bloomsbury will also have its appropriate setting.

The announcement of the sale next month by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson of the late Lord Revelstoke's collection of Ancient Greek Pottery will no doubt send a good many enthusiasts, as it sent me, back to Bloomsbury to renew their perhaps rusty knowledge of this phase of Greek art. One so seldom sees anything from classical Greece of good quality appearing in the rooms that this sale is in the nature of a major event in the season; and just because the supply is limited, serious collectors have been few, which gives the man who admires these minor triumphs of the race from which so much of our own civilisation is derived, just the opportunity he requires.

I propose to illustrate this article with five good examples from the collection which represent five of the main types of the Greek potter's art: once these can be fixed in the mind's eye, the essentials of a wider knowledge can follow without too much trouble. They are all quite distinct—and what is more, they are good fun. The finest of all is, to my mind—and many will disagree with this uncompromising statement—the graceful archaic type of Fig. 4, with its geometrical decoration, highly stylised frieze of charioteers, and exceedingly elegant shape; date somewhere in the seventh century B.C. Fifty—and still more, one hundred and fifty—years ago, contemporary taste would have called this fine thing barbaric, and left it at that; for better or worse our own generation discerns in

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GREEK POTTERY IN THE AUCTION ROOM.

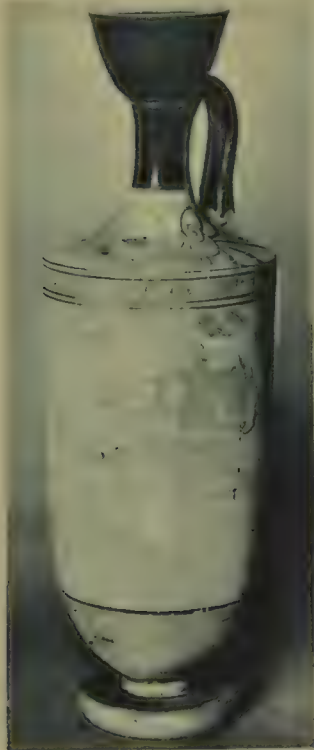
By FRANK DAVIS.

this early vase a vitality and force which are lacking in the more naturalistic ideals of later centuries. It is not that we do not still admire the achievements of fifth-century potters; but we do see virtues in the work of their ancestors to which we were blind not so very long ago.

Fig. 3 is an Olpe, or large jug, typical of the easily recognisable style which gave Corinth its reputation as a pottery centre before the political and artistic renaissance

been made at short notice. They are doubly interesting because the better examples are the only means we have of judging what Greek painting was like—not that we can arrive at a wholly satisfactory conclusion from such slender evidence; but it is at least an indication. The following quotation from A. S. Murray (*White Athenian Vases*) is to the point. "There was in the white vases an exceptional opportunity for purity of outline in the drawing, and it is not without reason that they are regarded as the best representatives we yet possess of the great age of Greek fresco-painting, in which also purity and sweep of outline on a white ground, simplicity of composition, and a limited scale of brilliant colours, were the chief characteristics." White ground painting can be traced in the Lekythi from early in the fifth down to the fourth century, when it disappears.

It is perhaps worth pointing out that classical Greek vases, of whatever type, depend for their effect first upon their shape, and secondly upon the power of selection of the draughtsman, who never makes the mistake of allowing unnecessary detail to clutter up the space at his disposal. He may occasionally overcrowd his friezes a little (as in Fig. 3), but even in this piece he keeps strictly to his purpose; in short, he had not the eye of a camera—he knew



1. A WHITE LEKYTHOS (OR OIL-BOTTLE): A PIECE SHOWING A STYLE OF DECORATION THAT WAS EMPLOYED ONLY ON THIS PARTICULAR SHAPE AND ONLY AFTER THE MIDDLE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY; WITH A DESIGN OF TWO WOMEN BRINGING OFFERINGS TO A STELE. (C. 450 B.C.)



2. A CHARACTERISTIC PIECE OF BLACK-FIGURE WARE: AN AMPHORA, WITH A DESIGN OF HORSEMEN AND DANCING MEN, WHICH STILL PRESERVES THE VIGOUR OF THE ARCHAIC STYLE—C. 600 B.C. (ABOUT 14½ IN. HIGH; FROM THE BUTLER COLLECTION.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

of Athens in the fifth century. Its date is about 600 B.C., which is already a little late for the finest work in this particular style. The earlier pieces make the same use of incised lines, but the composition is not so crowded. It is curious how potters all over the world—one can, for example, see the same tendency going on in China a thousand years later—devise an agreeable formula for decoration, and then gradually grow frightened of empty spaces until every available square inch is covered. In this case, if the design is more close-set than we would like, it is still marked by vigorous drawing. With the next three pieces we are in Athens during its great days.

Fig. 2 is a black-figure Amphora, catalogued as of about the same period as the previous example; on one side is a combat between charioteers in a quadriga and foot soldiers, one of whom lies at the horses' feet; on the other six dancing men, with a frieze of horsemen above. The forms are still archaic, the shape of the piece as a whole of great dignity and splendour. The fashions of a century or so later are seen to advantage in the red-figure Krater of Fig. 5—Apollo and Artemis listening to the music of a Satyr. The change from black figure to red figure technique is thought to have happened about the year 520 B.C., and the methods employed were merely the reverse of the old: instead of black varnished figures standing out against the natural colour of the clay, they now stand out in red against a black ground. Black painted lines, indicating drapery, eyes, etc., take the place of the incised lines of the black figures. The outline was first sketched on the red clay, and then surrounded with the black varnish. The method is, in short, that of drawing rather than of painting—and drawing at once so free and so precise that it is still the despair of the modern potter.

Finally, there is the Lekythos of Fig. 1, an example of painting on a white ground, a method which was employed on this particular shape only after the middle of the fifth century. Lekythi (oil-bottles) were used almost exclusively for sepulchral use and are painted almost always with funeral subjects; some that have survived show by their hasty execution that they must have



3. A CORINTHIAN OLPE (OR LARGE JUG) WITH A DESIGN OF ANIMAL FRIEZES. (C. 600 B.C.)



5. A FINE RED-FIGURE VASE: A KRATER DECORATED WITH A SCENE OF APOLLO AND ARTEMIS LISTENING TO A SATYR PLAYING THE PIPES. (FROM THE HOPE COLLECTION.)

what to leave out. Even in the later vases of the red-figure period, landscape is only indicated by a few summary lines, a banquet-room by cups and vases hung on the walls. It was a dry but highly intelligent perfection, and no wonder art lovers of the later fifteenth century thought it the most marvellous manifestation of the human spirit attainable. If our own enthusiasm is a little less fervid, that is because we have at our disposal other marvels from other parts of the world that seem to express with greater vitality the depths and heights of emotion of which mankind is capable. What we really need now is a new interpretation, in the light of our present knowledge of what the Greeks would have called barbarian art, of their own immense legacy to Europe. As far as I know, the excellent, scholarly, and academic text-books on the subject take it for granted that pottery in the fifth century reached its apogee: a good case could be made out for a different view—that the finest Greek pottery style is that represented by Fig. 4. This does not mean that the later wares are less interesting or important, but that their relation to what came before them has a different value.



4. AN ARCHAIC VASE FROM LORD REVELSTOKE'S COLLECTION OF ANCIENT GREEK POTTERY, WHICH IS TO BE DISPERSED: A PIECE WITH GEOMETRICAL DECORATIONS AND A FRIEZE OF STYLISED CHARIOTEERS; DATING FROM 700-600 B.C. (23½ IN. HIGH.)



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AND NEW REGULATIONS!

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IF the continued increase in the number of cars sold is a true sign of prosperity, Great Britain is certainly doing well. In December last, for example, 29,000 motor vehicles changed hands, including 20,991 new cars—nearly 4000 vehicles more than in the previous December, and 3077 of them cars (over 17 per cent. more than in that last month of 1933). Now spring is with us, no doubt further progress will be shown by the January-to-March figures. They will have to be good; for the actual increase in the sale of new cars licensed to use the roads in Great Britain was 23.6 per cent. for the October-December quarter, 1934. This represented the new registration of 58,238 cars, as against 47,133 in the equivalent quarter in 1933. For the information of readers who like statistics, I might mention that in 1934 the total number of cars imported was 10,178, as compared to 3900 in 1933; and that 315 commercial vehicles were imported, as against 87 in the previous twelve months. But the commercial figures are misleading; for it must be pointed out that chassis to the value of £271,346 (as compared to £156,246) were also imported, although no quantity figures are given in the official B.O.T. returns. As against these imports, the British motor industry exported 47,687 cars and 13,742 commercial vehicles in 1934, as compared to 40,956 cars and 10,683

whether to carry the first £5 of claim as your own risk, and whether to insure for a certain fixed sum if the car is a total loss or only the replacement value.

Motor-cars are wonderful value to-day for the price demanded by their makers. Some people are apt to think that £2425 for a 40-50-h.p. car is an expensive price. As a matter of fact, this charge for a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce saloon makes that car the cheapest in the world for people who want a carriage with the highest degree of comfort. In the first place, its owner loses



AT HENLEY-IN-ARDEN: A WOLSELEY 18-H.P. MODEL  
OUTSIDE AN OLD INN.

claimed by the cars sold to the public to-day. Personally, I always read the advertisements before I try a car, and then discover how far the model has lived up to its vaunted virtues when tested on the road. Frankly, I must confess the 1935 cars are much better balanced than their predecessors. Balance provides safety automatically, by keeping the centre of gravity low and amidst the ship or thereabouts of the vehicle, and, moreover, diminishes the chances of skidding almost to a vanishing point.

Another factor of safety of the present car, and one that appeals to every driver of either sex, is the simplicity and ease of handling the modern controlling devices of all the new models. The great temptation to look down at the "gate" of the gear-change

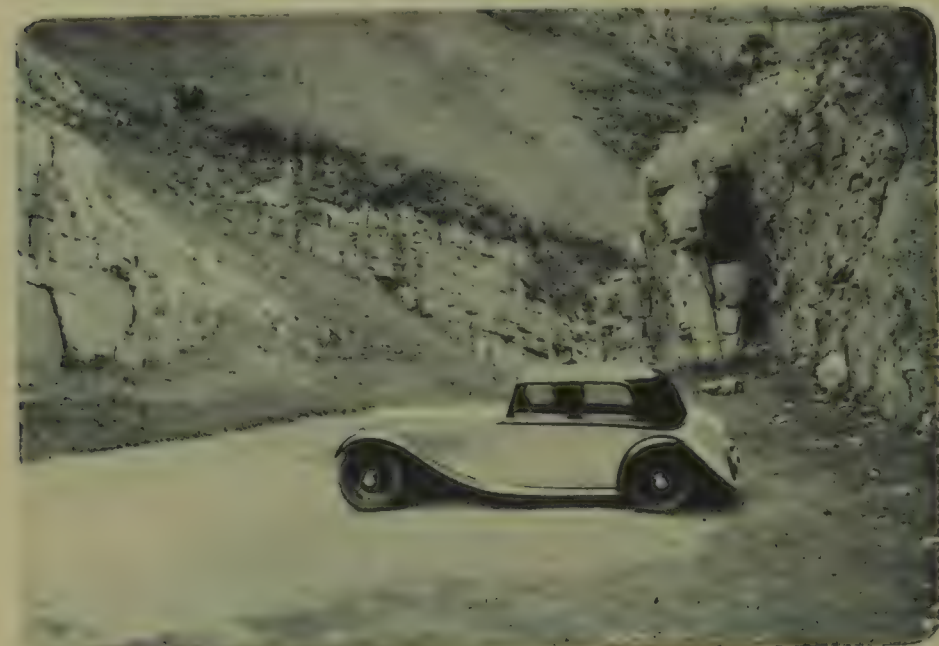
proportionately less cash if circumstances compel parting with it, and it is always readily sold second-hand. Then you can rely upon it for twenty years in use if changing fashions in coachwork designs do not affect you, as, with ordinary attention, the Rolls-Royce chassis will last seemingly for ever. I know of a number of pre-war Rolls-Royces running merrily on the road to-day, doing at least 10,000 to 12,000 miles per annum,

when the eyes should be gazing ahead at the road has been abolished by the present-day ease of gear-changing. In the past, this has been a great source of danger to other users of the road, as well as to those in the car. To-day, the greatest novice can look where he is driving and rattle up and down all the gear-ratios without effort or need of any precise "timing" or speeding up the engine to change down. Also, every week some new device appears to further simplify driving.

The latest is the de Normanville safety gear, designed by Captain Edgar de Normanville and fitted on the three larger Humber cars—the 16-60-h.p., the "Snipe," and the "Pullman." This gear-box has a magic wand in place of a long gear-lever to divide seating space in front. Its control is effected by moving to the desired gear a "finger" on a quadrant on the steering-wheel and easing up the clutch-pedal a little, when a self-acting oil pump hydraulically changes the gear for the driver. Nothing could be simpler or quieter in its action. Also, as this is an epicyclic gear on new principles, there are no brake bands to wear out or get noisy; so the de Normanville safety gear should always keep as silent as when new, as I tested it last week. Technical folk will like the wonderful efficiency of this gear, for during a series of most searching tests it was found to transmit 99.7 per cent. of the power driving it on top and third speed, 97.6 per cent. on second, and 96.7 per cent. on first gear—a most remarkable efficiency.

and some a much greater mileage than that. The 1935 models should even better their predecessors in performance, as, with their adjustable springing to suit varying loads and speeds, the carriage is saved a lot of the vibration older models have successfully withstood.

Now, in fact, is the time to buy motor-cars, as one can find them at prices to suit very restricted incomes. Just try the new 8-h.p. Morris saloon, costing £120, or the tourer at the same price, if you wish to get all the thrill of the road at very small cost. And this also applies to all the 1935 Morris cars, which, by their very wide range of prices and powers, give every class of car-owner the type of motor he most desires. Nowadays the chief topic in motor-circles is safety on the road, and the cars which best provide that essential factor. Consequently, if you read the motor advertisements you will find that "safety" is one of the chief characteristics



IN THE CHEDDAR GORGE: A 1935 BENTLEY 3½-LITRE MODEL, WITH BARKER BODY.

commercial in 1933. So business has been steadily increasing for the past twelve months, and is still growing.

As a practical demonstration that motoring is becoming cheaper and cheaper each year in Great Britain, let it be noted that we imported 1,127,152,000 gallons of motor spirit during the twelve months of 1934 at a cost of only £15,382,036; as compared with paying £15,332,896 for 1,073,114,000 gallons of petrol in 1933. Another factor lowering expenses for the motorist is the reduction by 25 per cent. of the horse-power tax—from £1 per h.p. to 15s. per horse-power rating of private cars. Consequently, as many types of cars can be relied upon to travel at least 30 miles to the gallon of petrol at 1s. 5d. per gallon, and 1000 miles per gallon of lubricating oil, the cost of a year's travelling (say, 6000 miles) is £14 3s. 4d. for petrol, £2 11s. for oil, and, if a 10-h.p. car (the popular fancy at the moment), £7 10s. per annum licence tax: a total expenditure of £24 4s. 4d., or less than ten shillings per week, excluding cost of insurance and garage. Dunlop tyres seem nowadays never to wear out, as 6000 miles make no impression on the pattern of the treads; so one has to be very unlucky to have a tyre bill to pay for during the first year's life of a new car. I purposely exclude insurance and garaging, because owners have various ideas on these points. But whereas, a few years back, the motorist had to pay at least ten shillings per week for garaging if he had not a coach-house or garden to keep the car in, to-day five to eight shillings per week are very usual rentals. As for insurance, everybody has to insure against Third Party risks—about £7 for a 10-h.p. car—but each owner is left the responsibility of deciding how many items and how fully he or she will be covered against—fire, theft, damage by accident, other members of the family, risks of injury while in the car, loss of rugs, coats, and luggage by theft or otherwise—



HOARY ELD AND GLITTERING MODERNITY AT BATTLE ABBEY: A ROLLS-ROYCE  
WITH A MAGNIFICENT HOOPER BODY.

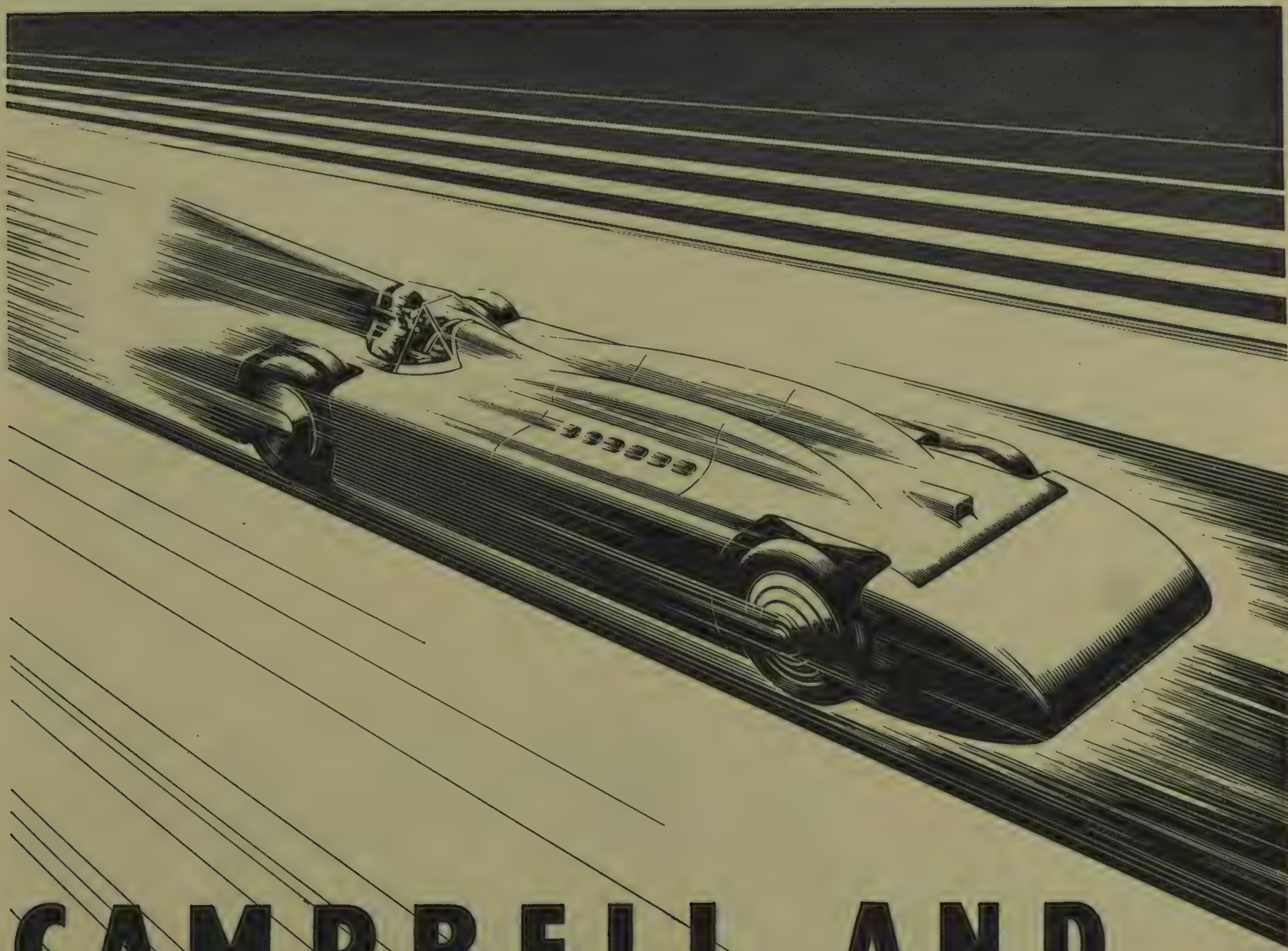
Yet not even its inventor can explain why it is so efficient, so I do not even try to. The oil pump absorbs the difference between 100 per cent. efficiency and the 99.7 per cent. actual. Otherwise, top and third speed would show 100 per cent.

[Continued overleaf.]



**276 M.P.H!**

**WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD SHATTERED**



**CAMPBELL AND**

**WAKEFIELD PATENT**

**CASTROL**



(Continued).

The positions of the small finger-lever on the quadrant, counting from bottom to top, are: reverse, neutral, first, second, third, top, and coast. This "coast" is a new form of gear-change in place of a permanent free-wheel. It allows the driver, at any

is locked from moving unless the clutch-pedal is depressed. The only position to which this inter-connecting does not apply is that the lever can be moved from top into coasting, and *vice versa*. The clutch-pedal is also connected with the gear-box in a second way. If the gear "finger" is placed in "N" (neutral), a dash-pot comes into action and retains the clutch in its disengaged condition; so that when the engine is idling the gear-box is entirely disconnected from the power unit and the gears remain stationary. The oil pump works off the shaft of the gear-box, so when that is idle the pump stops also. Less wear and absolute silence are thus made certain. When the gears are in motion, the oil pump draws its fluid through a filter and forces it under pressure into a reservoir or accumulator tank. This accumulator is a cylinder with a piston worked by strong

springs, acting as a balance to regulate the oil flowing to any of the pipe-lines which operate the individual pistons in small cylinders, which automatically put each gear into play by locking brake drums controlling the pinions of the epicyclic gearing. As these brakes have phosphor-bronze metal shoes working on the drums, there are no brake-linings to wear out or replace. That has been the trouble in the past with some epicyclic gears, but cannot happen in the new Humber device. The whole mass of gears revolves as a single unit on top gear. A clever device is included in the design which prevents any leak of oil affecting the gear-control; so that even if dirt gets into the oil it will not interfere with the correct operation of the gears. But those who would like a full technical description of this de Normanville safety gear should write to Humbers at Coventry, asking for their pamphlet "How It Works," by Captain E. de Normanville, which the company will gladly send post free to those interested. This gear at present adds £30 to the listed prices of the Humber cars to which it is

fitted. But for a family car I think it worth double the price asked, as it saves much wear and gives greater safety to a car driven by many various drivers, some of whom may be actually first-time novices.

Coachwork, especially the enclosed type, also provides greater safety by protecting the occupants of the cars far more successfully this year than it has before. The all-steel system of welding the body into one homogeneous mass adds greatly to its strength and shock-resisting qualities. In fact, so certain of safety are the makers that I have witnessed recent practical demonstrations to prove that safety by seeing a driver, strapped to his seat, deliberately drive a car over a height sufficient to make the car turn "head over heels" two or three times, and then, after the car has come to rest, be able to drive it away again on its own power without any adjustment. I believe that practically every motor-car maker has now had made a film showing various acrobatic gyrations of his cars, and is seeing that it is shown in all parts of the world as part of the advertising of his goods to the public as safe vehicles.

Yet, wonderfully strong and safe as cars are



OUTSIDE LORD LEYCESTER'S HOSPITAL AT KENILWORTH CASTLE, WHICH ATTRACTS A NUMBER OF VISITORS EACH WEEK: A SMART ROVER 1935 SALOON.

speed on top gear, to free-wheel at will by merely moving the lever to the point marked "C" on the quadrant, and to come back instantly to the desired gear-ratio by again simply slipping the clutch and moving the finger-lever on the quadrant to the desired gear-ratio. This is a real safety factor. The rapidity



IN THE WATER-SPLASH!—A VAUXHALL "BIG SIX" STANDING IN A WATERFALL ON THE "IMPASSABLE" PASS FROM LLANWRTYD WELLS TO TREGARON, WHERE THE "ROAD" IS OFTEN ONLY A NARROW LEDGE OF ROCK.

with which the driver can always change up or down is another item adding to safety, as every change is merely depressing the clutch, slipping the finger to its desired position or notch, and lifting the foot off the accelerator pedal if changing up, and keeping it down where it was if changing down, as any ordinary gear-box requires in the normal manner. Consequently, the experienced driver has nothing to unlearn in operating this gear; while the novice can master its operation in less than half an hour.

As far as I could discover during my first short examination and road test of this hydraulically-operated gear-changing, there seems little chance of anything going wrong, unless there is gross and deliberate mishandling; such as changing down from top to lowest speed at 60 miles an hour. Further, Lockheed hydraulic brakes have shown how free from trouble hydraulic systems are as a whole. The lever of the quadrant on the steering-wheel controls a cam mechanism inside the gear-box. It is also connected with the clutch-pedal in such a way that the gear-lever



STYLE AND DIGNITY: A 15-H.P. RILEY "FALCON" SALOON; REMARKABLE FOR ITS GRACEFUL BODYWORK AND AMPLE ACCOMMODATION.

constructionally, I regret that I often have to criticise their safety from a driving point of view. Some driving-seats are so low down that one cannot see the outer edge of either the offside or nearside front wing, and the bonnet and radiator-guard effectively shield the view of the road in front of the car for many yards. So when I see in print cases of small children being run over by motorists proceeding quite slowly, because the children have jumped in front of the car and the drivers say they never saw them at all, and until they felt the bump of the wheels

were unaware the child was there, I fully believe the statement, but wonder whether the designer of the car ought not to have been prosecuted for not having given better vision to the driver both in front and at the sides. Fortunately, in a large number of instances private owners have had the good sense to fit wing-posts on both front wings, and have the driving-seat raised so that the ground is visible a few feet in front of the radiator, instead of being only visible many yards distant.

With safety also has come increased speed available to the owners of the present season's cars. Acceleration has

(Continued overleaf.)



RURAL TRANQUILLITY: A DAIMLER "15" STREAMLINED SALOON IN A RUSTIC SETTING.



B R I T A I N ' S D E P E N D A B L E C A R

# ...what AUSTIN OWNERS say about INVESTING

Report No. 556. Reg. No. PF. 5867



## "YOU HAVE TRULY SAID THAT WE INVEST IN AN AUSTIN"

"In 1926 I purchased a new Austin, and after covering 56,000 miles with same as a touring car, I used it for trade purposes. Since then the car has done thousands of miles, often carrying a load of over one ton. Except for re-boring at about 90,000 miles very little has been done to it. This is a fine tribute to the quality and workmanship of Austin cars, and you have very truly said that we 'Invest in an Austin.' May I congratulate you on having produced one of the most reliable cars one can buy."

This unprompted letter (dated October, 1934) from an Austin owner is evidence of *eight years* of dependability and dogged service—most of it, incidentally, under loads and strains for which the car was never designed or intended. What more need be added! It is personal letters like this which endorse the truth of the slogan:

*You buy a car—but you INVEST in an*

# AUSTIN

The York Saloon with 18 h.p. (Tax £13.10.0) or with 16 h.p. (Tax £12) six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Wide doors for easy entrance and exit. Deep, comfortable and adjustable seats upholstered in Vaurol hide. Prices at works. £328  
 CHALFONT SALOON (with division) . £338  
 WESTMINSTER SALOON . . . £348  
 HERTFORD SALOON . . . £318  
 Fitted with Hayes Self-Selector Transmission £40 extra.

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.





*Continued.*

so improved that, when a number of cars are halted in a line at a traffic stop, the general get-away is done in much less time, and following traffic is not held up so long. This power of speed also helps towards greater safety, as the car is more responsive to the driver's handling.

The new Riley car's power of speed and safety will delight owners. The driver always feels that the car is well under his control to do what he likes with—crawl, spurt a bit, tour along gracefully yet swiftly, and put on that extra piece of speed to pass other cars safely. That is the chief benefit of good acceleration. I do not think motorists realise its undoubted safety qualities. No driver should attempt to pass another car if he cannot do it "in a flash." The oft-timed two cars abreast (with one forging slightly ahead by inches) travelling a mile or more before one is clear of the other, unless one car slows down to let the other "race" ahead, is one of the great dangers of the road. To-day, the modern well-trained driver

comes up behind another car which he judges, from the speed at which it is travelling, he can pass easily, changes down to third speed, and accelerates by the other car at a suitable moment in perfect safety, knowing the cars were not abreast more than a couple of seconds, if that. I do not wonder that firms such as Riley advertise that their cars give confidence to their drivers. When they need speed they get it; just as the brakes stop the car as securely and as safely. Who could help driving such a car with confidence?

Although this spring has seen many novel features added to motor carriages to give their users additional comfort, there seems a feeling among a large number of motorists that they want to go back to the open touring car in place of the closed saloon.

There is a lack of that sensation of exhilaration felt by those who ride in a saloon compared to an open one, however wide they may open the windows or slide back the roof. There is increasing popularity for the drop-head coupés—such as the Alvis, which is a notable

example. These Alvis cars are particularly swift in their pace, yet so silent and smooth in their running that one feels more as if gliding over smooth water than travelling over man-made roads. I can thoroughly recommend them to motorists requiring a high performance without any fuss or noise. In fact, I believe that you could put down the head of the coupé in a thirty-mile speed-limit area (especially if you wore a

bowler hat) and spin merrily along at 35-40 m.p.h. through the empty street without any traffic officer stopping you or realising how fast you were going, owing to the smooth running of the Alvis. Why the bowler hat? Well, I will confide to you



A LEADING LADY AND HER CAR: MISS NANCY O'NEILL, OF "BREWER'S MILLIONS" FAME, AND HER MORRIS "TWELVE-FOUR."

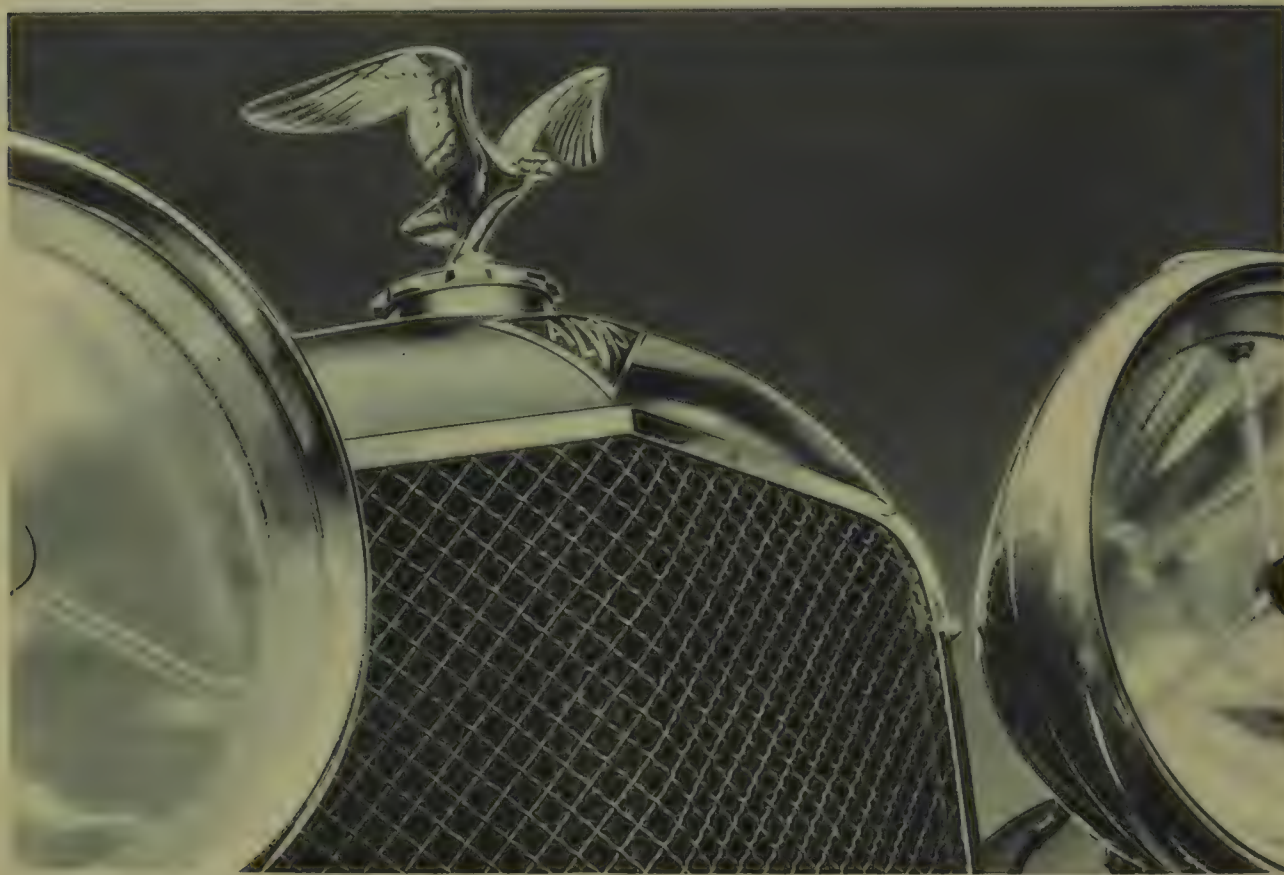


THE NINE HORSE-POWER SINGER SALOON DE LUXE: A MODEL WHICH INCORPORATES SLIDING ROOF, SAFETY GLASS WINDSCREEN, AND SPECIAL "TRAFFICATOR" SIGNALLING DEVICES.

that the officers of the law believe that motorists who drive in that headgear are usually sensible folk who do not run risks of any sort, legal or otherwise.

Alas! motorists will have to remember many new regulations if they are to keep out of legal trouble this spring. From 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. you are not permitted to sound the horn in Great Britain where houses exist. Where Belisha Beacons mark official pedestrian road-crossings, motorists must be prepared to stop instantly should any foot passenger on the highway start to cross the street. And, however careless the behaviour of the pedestrian, that is no defence for the motorist if he injures the walker at such crossings. Owners are legally responsible for

*[Continued overleaf.]*



QUALITY  
with  
Modernity  
T

*There is NO substitute for an ALVIS!*

FOR those who appreciate and understand the finer qualities of motoring, there is NO substitute for an ALVIS. A car which by virtue of its unique features is absolutely in a class by itself. Famous for its turn of speed and racing successes during post-war years, it has been developed to produce the highest standard of excellence ever achieved in road

travel. Superb riding comfort is ensured by the perfected system of independent front-wheel springing and steering, and an all-synchromesh gear-box is a notable contribution towards easy, silent gear-changing. These are some of the exclusive features which make the ALVIS a car with a personality. THE car for the connoisseur who keeps up-to-date. Prices from £490.

ALVIS CAR AND ENGINEERING COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY.

London Service Station: Jubilee Place, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.

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ALVIS





# ROLLS-ROYCE

*The Best Car in the World*

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. IS CONDUIT ST. WILMINGTON 620



By Appointment to  
His Majesty the King



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By Appointment to  
H.R.H. the Prince  
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ROYCE



HOOPER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.  
54 ST JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1.



*(Continued.)*

their cars being in fit and safe condition to drive. Consequently, should you have an accident and blame the brakes, you are condemning yourself. It was your legal business to see that they were in proper

this certificate as evidence. On and after March 18 one must look out for sign-posts notifying motorists that they are driving in a 30-m.p.h. speed-limit "built-up" area. You have also to look out for automatic traffic-signals, red, yellow, and green lights, in order to drive safely by cross-roads; and these sometimes appear in most unexpected places. Yet, so far, I find that I am still driving in the same old style and pace as I always have done; so that I am not

are still there, and perhaps the 300-odd entrants for the R.A.C. Rally to Eastbourne (starting on March 26 from places north, south, east, and west of the rallying-point, averaging 26 m.p.h., no matter the weather, over a 1000-miles course) are a confirmation of that happiness still to be found on the road.

At the present time, motorists have a far better choice of styles from the wide range in prices, powers, and seating capacity of the 1935 cars than at any previous spring. Ever since the Austin "Baby" made its appearance for the first time in 1922, its popularity has increased, so that it founded a regular demand for cars between 7-h.p. and 8-h.p. rating. This season, five different makes of this category are available. No longer are any of these baby cars, as all give seating room for four persons, whether one chooses an Austin "Seven," a Ford "Eight," a Morris "Eight," or an M.G. "Midget." Then come the popular "Nines"—the Riley, Singer, Standard,

*(Continued overleaf.)*

PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR MALVERN: AN AUSTIN TEN-FOUR "LICHFIELD" SALOON WHICH MAKES LIGHT OF HILLS.

order when you started out on your run. Also, you must be able to prove that they were so. Therefore most sensible motorists have their cars "vetted" at a service station at this time of year, and again six months later, and have the brakes tested and adjusted if necessary, the wheels trued up in line and tyres pumped to their right pressures, the steering-gear (and wheel bearings looked at if an oldish car) and the transmission tested for soundness. For a small fee, this is done on robot machines that issue you automatically-dated certificates, and the station also provides the car-owner with a general certificate stating that the car has been tested and is in good working order. In case of trouble, one can produce

so sure that drivers ought to grumble. I admit that crowded streets with traffic lights are apt to slow down a private car to the pace of a motor-bus, but these really push along quite fast enough, considering the density of vehicles.

Therefore, my fellow-motorists full of that spring-like wishfulness to enjoy the freedom of the open road, be not afraid to bring out the old car or to buy a new one. The joys



A CAR FOR A FASTIDIOUS OWNER: THE BURLINGTON COUPÉ MODEL OF THE "AERO MINX," WHICH IS QUICKLY ADAPTABLE FROM CLOSED TO OPEN BY AN INGENUOUS WINDING DEVICE.



ROVER SPEED 14 STREAMLINE COUPÉ £415  
THE ROVER CO. LTD., COVENTRY

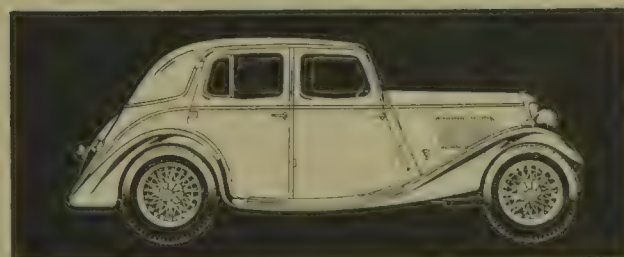




**T**HERE is one essential thing which you cannot give your car, but which your car can give you: CONFIDENCE. Even the best of drivers may, by reason of his car, lack confidence.

The Riley  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Litre has been designed for the new conditions. Very high averages can be achieved in limousine-like comfort, yet the car is ready for any emergency—brakes, for instance, are incredibly powerful.

Given petrol, oil, air and water at proper intervals the Riley  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Litre will continue to provide an amazing performance without the least trouble; and when you can do your 80 miles or so a day, week in, week out, expecting and getting nothing more than a puncture, you can really begin to enjoy motoring.



*Modern streamlining in its most acceptable form is a characteristic of both the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Litre Falcon (above) and the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Litre Kestrel (below).*



OWN A

# RILEY $1\frac{1}{2}$ LITRE

AND DRIVE WITH CONFIDENCE

$1\frac{1}{2}$  Litre Falcon Saloon, £335.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Litre Kestrel Aeroline Saloon, £345. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Annual Tax £9. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.





*Continued.*  
and Wolseley. Here, again, are many different types, although all of the same horse-power rating. Each make has its own distinctive virtue in giving its occupants a pleasant and safe ride, although there may be a wide difference in some of the prices those cars are listed.

Last season the "Ten" horse-power rated car proved itself to be a "best seller" to the trade. This year I see no reason for this popularity to decrease, as the range of "Tens" gives so many motorists the type of carriage they need, whether for business or pleasure. I fancy that was the reason that the Ford Company introduced this season their new 10 h.p., a de luxe model at a low price.

One has such a choice of "Tens," even if some of them should be more correctly termed "Elevens," owing to the engine rating a fraction above 10 h.p. There are the fluid-flywheel models, such as the B.S.A. and Lanchester; the Rover, full of nice gadgets; the Crossley, and the Triumph "Gloria"—all cars of marked distinctiveness—as well as the Morris, Austin, and Standard cars of this rating. Is it not a wonderful choice of high-class and inexpensive motors? Old-time motorists, once possessors of the 25-h.p. and 40-h.p. cars of the pre-war era, look back at the performance these gave on the road and envy the present generation. The latter obtain as much speed, more comfort, and ten times more reliability from these "Tens" at half the price their fathers did from the larger and more costly higher-rated cars. Take the British Salmson, rated at 11.9 h.p., as an example of performance of the latest type. This car, fitted with just the ordinary comfort-giving roomy saloon coachwork, four passengers and their kit, can reach 50 miles an hour in 18.25th secs. from a standing start. It runs perfectly smoothly, without apparent effort, and quite silently, even with this high accelerating power given by the engine. But, as I have mentioned before in these columns, rapid acceleration is a great safety factor.

Another excellent feature of present-time motors is the 'moothness' of the four-cylinder engine. It is difficult to distinguish its even "beat" from a six-cylinder motor. As for the latter, the number of "Light Sixes" is legion. All the factories building

cars in Great Britain furnish a light six-cylinder car for their patrons, besides other models. Some makers, such as the Vauxhall, offer the buyer a choice of two six-cylinder engines, rated at 12 h.p. or 14 h.p. respectively, without extra charge. Both motors are so good that truly it is hard to say which one to ask for in the car that you buy. Naturally the larger engine has greater reserve of power, but in England, unless you live in a very hilly district, the smaller rating of the two seems quite capable of doing all the average family car is asked in order to give proper service to its owner.

With reference to the recently discovered self-portrait of Frans Hals (reproduced in our issue of Jan. 26) which was included in a loan exhibition at the Detroit Art Institute, U.S.A., we now learn that we were misinformed from America as to the name of its present owner. It was bought from the Silberman Galleries, New York, not (as previously stated) by a Minneapolis collector, but by Dr. G. H. A. Clowes, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

We are informed that a most interesting project is being developed at Droitwich Spa, and is to be completed by Whitsun. This is nothing else than the provision of the delights and benefits of sea-bathing in the middle of England. In the Brine Baths Park at Droitwich, there is now in course of construction a complete Sea-Bathing "Lido." When finished, it will consist of a very large swimming-bath, 130 ft. long by 60 ft. wide, and 10 ft. deep at the deep end. Sand beaches will be provided, together with special facilities to enable children to bathe and enjoy themselves in perfect safety. The water in the "Lido" will be of exactly the same consistency as sea-water, and, being salt, as free from risks of infection. This will be achieved by diluting the famous Droitwich brine, which, in itself, is many times denser than sea-water. The Droitwich "Lido" will possess a ball-room, a dance orchestra, a café, sun-bathing facilities, and terraces on which to sit; and, in short, everything which makes for the pleasure and enjoyment of those who visit it. A special steam-plant is being installed, and this will raise the temperature of the water by ten degrees when required.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE reappearance of Heifetz at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert, after many years' absence from London, drew a full house to the Queen's Hall to hear him play the Beethoven Violin Concerto. Most of us were curious to hear whether Heifetz had suffered the fate of so many prodigy virtuosos and deteriorated with time, but all fears on this point were immediately set at rest. Heifetz is no less astounding than he was; he is doubtless the supreme virtuoso of the violin in our time, and this supremacy remains as evident as it ever was. In addition, he seems to have added other qualities to his playing, for his rendering of the Beethoven Concerto was remarkable for its subtlety, delicacy, and expressiveness. If one still feels that there are heights in Beethoven to which Heifetz does not climb, one must add that, nevertheless, his playing is pure and noble, without the slightest taint of cheapness or vulgarity of any sort. One cannot accuse Heifetz of being a mere virtuoso in the uncomplimentary sense of that word. He is a fine and serious artist, with a technical command of his instrument which is so prodigious that it transcends ordinary virtuosity and becomes a thing in itself absolutely unique and as satisfying as it is astonishing.

Sir Thomas Beecham conducted, and both he and the London Philharmonic Orchestra were in fine form, giving a superb performance of Wagner's "Faust" Overture and an unusually lyrical interpretation of Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony. W. J. TURNER.

We have been asked to give publicity to the following announcement, which is of interest to all who are thinking of visiting the Riviera: "The Société des Bains de Mer (Monte Carlo), in view of the unsettled condition of the pound, has decided that guests staying at either of their hotels (Hôtel de Paris and Hôtel Hermitage) may settle their bills at the rate of 74 francs per pound. This decision will be welcomed by the British guests, who are thus relieved of all anxiety which the present uncertainty may cause them."

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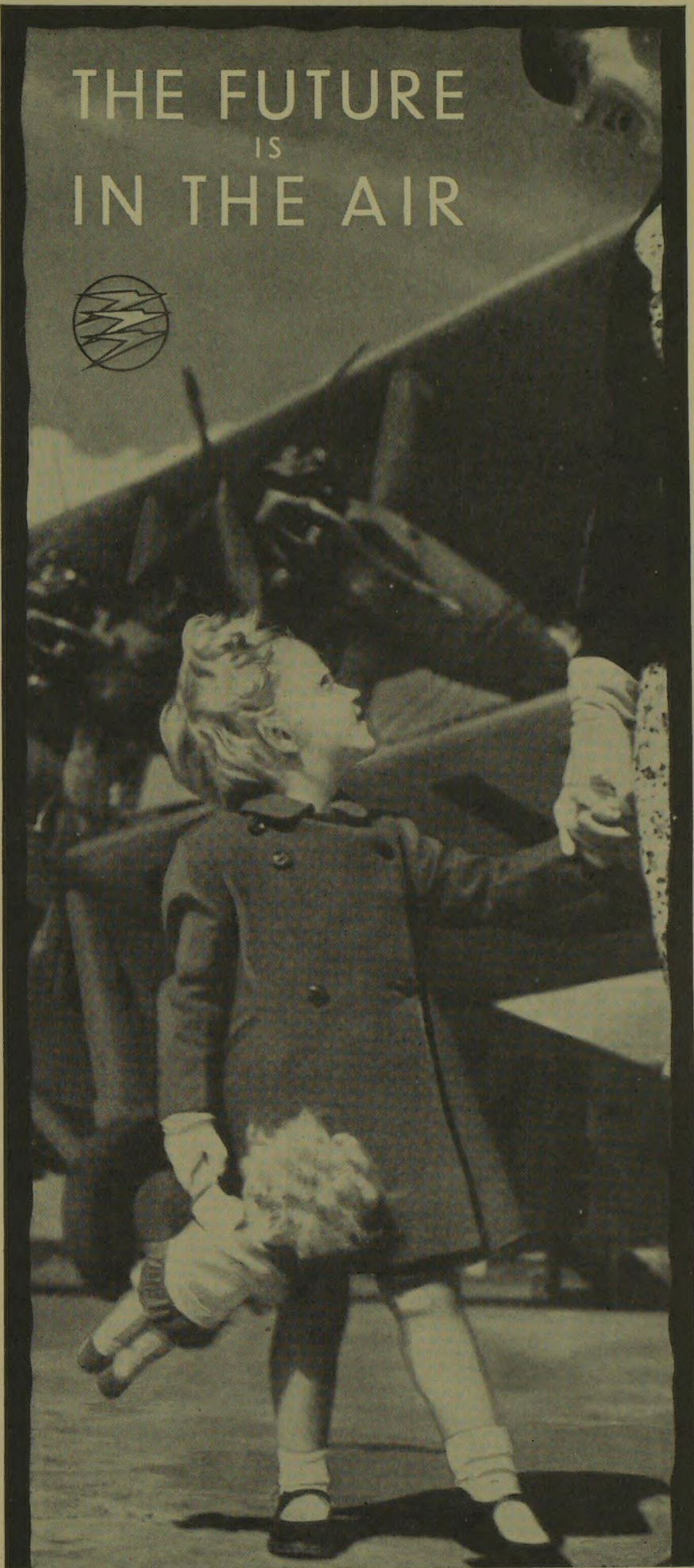
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## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 414.)

of mystery, is the more intriguing of the two. This country can also claim (as his native if not spiritual home) the self-revelatory author of "LIMEY BREAKS IN." By James Spenser (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), though he afterwards transferred his talents to America, as was duly recorded in his previous work, "Limey." The present volume gives his earlier adventures in England as schoolboy, truant, and in various other capacities of a still more refractory nature. Here is food for thought for our educationists and social reformers.

A more specialised branch of law-breaking is studied, from a scientific and sociological point of view, in "THE CRAFT OF FORGERY." By Henry T. F. Rhodes, of the Institute of Criminology, University of Lyon. Illustrated (Murray; 10s. 6d.). Among famous examples discussed are the Casket Letters, the Dreyfus Case, "Jim the Penman," and the affair of the late Archdeacon Wakeford. Crime, again, figures largely in "DEAD MEN TELL TALES." A Survey of Exhumations, from Earliest Antiquity to the Present Day. By Richard Haestier. Illustrated (John Long; 18s.). There are, however, other causes of disinterment, such as restorations, reburials, or archaeology—here exemplified by the discovery of Tutankhamen's Tomb. For readers of morbid taste, the book contains besides a wealth of curious and often gruesome anecdote.

Lastly, just to show that I am not criminally disposed, I recommend to my law-abiding fellow-citizens the new 1935 edition of "EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER." By A Barrister. 63rd Edition, revised and enlarged, including recent legislation (Technical Press; 15s.). We are all supposed to know the law intuitively, but this mass of information requires a little more than intuition. There is, indeed, "an intolerable deal" of law for us to obey. At the same time, of course, there is plenty to break.—C. E. B.

One of the most interesting events of the film season will be the first presentation of "Sanders of the River" at the Leicester Square Theatre on Tuesday, April 2, in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund. "Sanders of the River" is, of course, based on the famous novel by Edgar Wallace. The leading players are Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, Joan Gardner, and Nina Mae McKinney. During the seventy years of

its existence the Newspaper Press Fund has distributed £380,000 in grants and pensions. During the past four years the demands on the Fund have exceeded income by £16,000, and it is hoped that, as a result of the gala presentation of "Sanders of the River," a large part of this deficit will be recovered. The President of the Fund is the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, who has succeeded the late Lord Riddell. The President of the 1935 Festival is Sir George A. Sutton. Tickets, which range in price from 6s. to £10 10s., are now on sale, and may be obtained from the usual ticket agencies. In view of the popularity of the occasion, there is likely to be a great demand for the tickets, and therefore we would advise our readers who wish to be present to book early.

As usual, there is much discussion as to the forthcoming Budget, and, in connection with this, it is of considerable interest to note that there is a general understanding that the Chancellor is considering seriously a reduction of the duty on whisky. That such consideration is called for is very evident. At the outbreak of war, the spirit duty stood at 14s. 9d. per proof gallon, and the home consumption of home-made spirits at 27,800,000 proof gallons per annum. As war-time and post-war measures, the duty was successively increased from 14s. 9d. to 30s. in 1918, to 50s. in 1919, and to 72s. 6d. in 1920. When the spirit duty was increased by 22s. 6d. to 72s. 6d. per proof gallon, as from April 20, 1920, the Chancellor of the Exchequer budgetted for an increase in revenue of £22,500,000 to bring the total to £64,500,000; but in that year revenue from home-made spirits was only £53,907,633, or £10,592,367 less than the estimate. The revenue from the duty on home-made spirits has steadily declined almost year by year, until in the twelve months to March 31, 1934 (the last year for which figures are available), it amounted to but £29,128,431, or £35,371,000 less than the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day expected from the duty when he increased it in 1920. It would be difficult to find a clearer instance of a long-established and well-tried branch of revenue drying up at its source because of over-exploitation.

## "MRS. NOBBY CLARK," AT THE COMEDY.

THIS is the old triangle in a comparatively new setting—Burma. A famous Shakespearean actress falls in love with a planter while he is home on leave; marries him and returns to Burma. There she discovers him to be a dull, unimaginative man, whose principal aim in life is to do the expected thing. His friends she finds noisy and uncouth, with a hearty cordiality that jars upon her. She, therefore, bestows most of her friendship upon a visiting scientist. On the night of a dinner party she is giving, she returns with him two hours late from an excursion they have been making. This is an effective situation: the malicious comments of the waiting guests, the anxiety of the husband, then dull resentment as she returns in an unapologetic mood; a sudden outburst of jealous rage, quickly followed by a desire to prevent an open scandal. Mr. Cecil Parker played this scene admirably. After the departure of her lover, the wife throws herself with reckless abandon into the life of the colony, until a cabled offer from a theatrical manager gives her a chance to return to England. She has already packed, when she learns that the man has already become engaged to someone else. So she decides she likes her husband well enough to return to him after her trip to England. The "heartiness" of the colony seems over-stressed by the producer. Miss Marie Ney is, at times, allowed to assume a staccato delivery of lines that robs them of personality, but, on the whole, she gives an excellent performance.

The 55th (West Lancashire) Division (B.E.F.) Dinner Club has been formed with the object of holding in London an annual dinner for officers who served in the 55th Division in the war; and so meeting a demand which has increased in the last few years. The first dinner will be at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on Saturday, April 6, 1935, when Lieut.-General Sir H. S. Jeudwine, K.C.B., K.B.E., will be in the chair. A circular letter giving details has been sent to all officers of the war-time Division whose addresses can be traced, but it is hoped that all those who see this notice, and have not received the circular letter, will at once communicate with Major G. Surtees, M.C., Hon. Sec., 55th Division (B.E.F.) Dinner Club, 1, Goojerat Road, Colchester, Essex.

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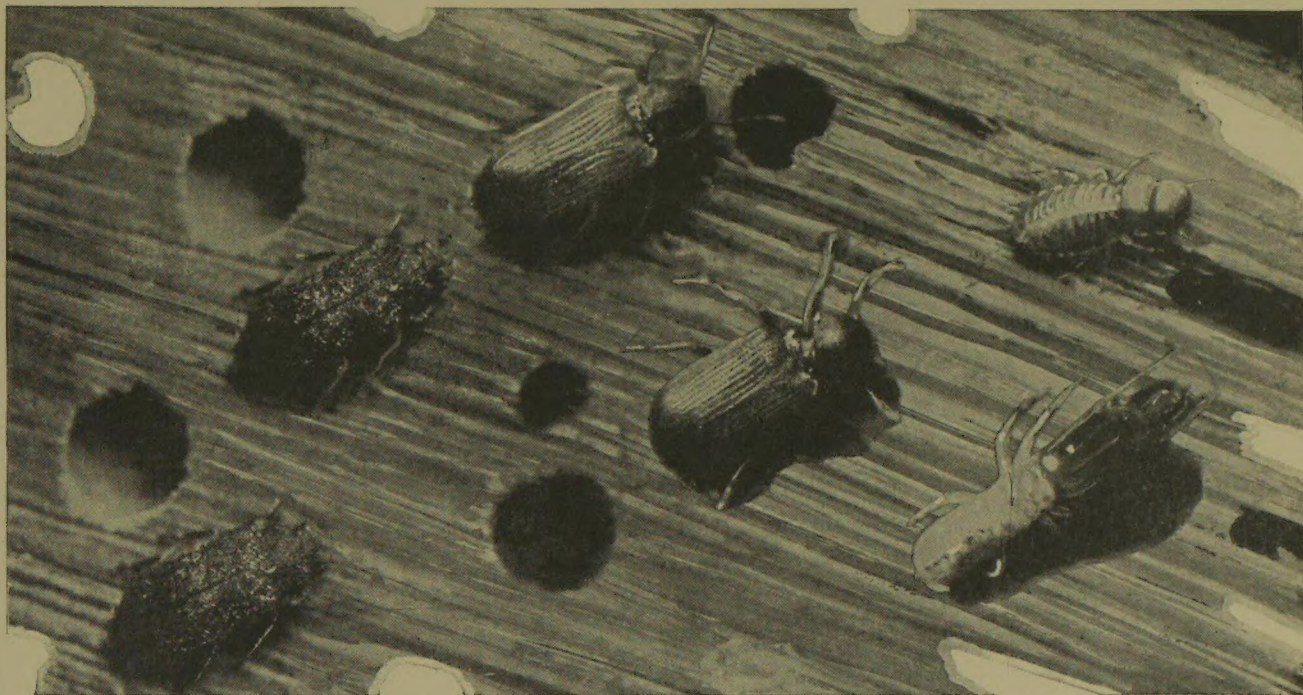
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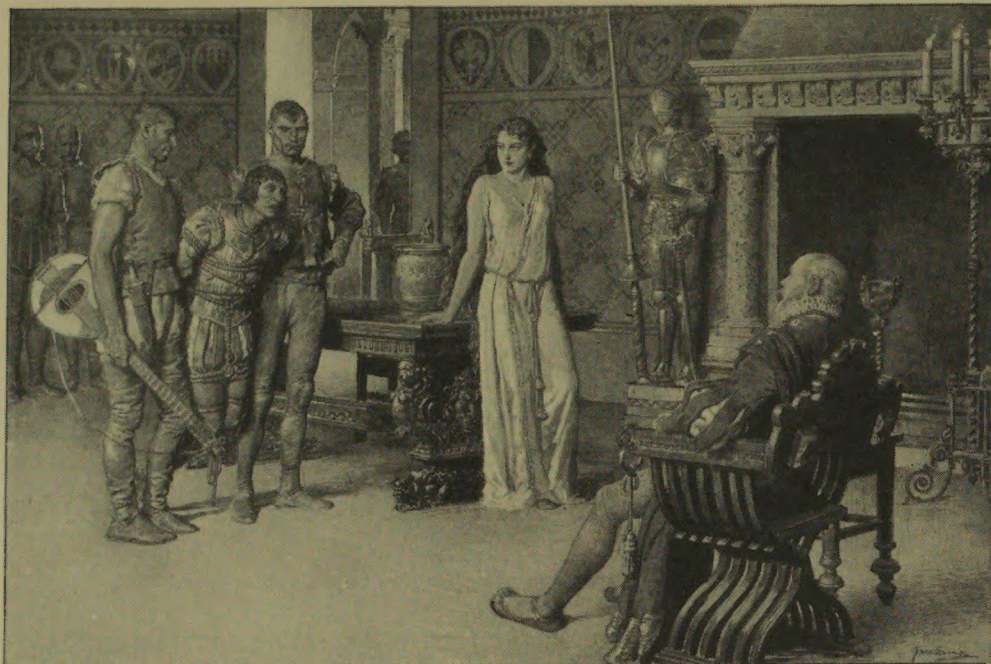
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A relic of the high chivalry of the Crusades lingered about them, but their principal aim was commercial. Some few spoke of honour, but the greater part were inspired by pieces of gold, by red wine of Italy, by the dark eyes of her ladies.

Many are the tales told about these Condottieri. Machiavelli jests at their expense. Ammirato, the historian, defends them. Both agree on one point: that many of their battles—like those of the Chinese War Lords of to-day—were bloodless.

Once, in Naples, they fought simultaneously *for and against* the Pope. From sunrise till sunset they fought. The cries of their strife and agony resounded through the city. Yet, when hostilities ceased, not one man was killed or hurt, or even discomfited. All, in fact, felt the exhilaration from the exercise—and the profit.

Again, at the battle of Zagonara, the sole casualty was Luddovicco delli Obizzi—who fell into the mud and was smothered.

Yet again, at Molinella, no one suffered hurt beyond bruises, but all enjoyed the kudos and the cash of so bloodless a campaign.

The Condottieri championed the cause of anyone who could pay for their service. They would defend Pisa in the morning and attack Pisa at night. The blinding rapidity of their volte-face made it a little difficult for anyone—save themselves—to know for whom they were fighting at any given moment. One day it was “Viva! Viva Firenze!” Another day, “A basso i Fiorentini . . .”

**A**MONG the knights who went out from England to seek their fortune in the ceaseless wars of Ghibelline and Guelph, of Pope and Emperor, of Italian city and Italian city, was Sir Robert Hawkwood, nephew to the one-time leader of the band.

He was his uncle's nephew when it came to fighting. The sham tussles in which he took part with the mercenaries disgusted him—his company had enjoyed not one serious encounter since his enrolment.

The enemy—which invariably consisted of fellow Condottieri—always ran hotfoot in retreat and left the Englishman with no human scabbard for his sword. And this—for he held the faith of the soldier—affronted him.

One day, as he lay with his comrades in a shady glen in the Monte di San Giuliano, he voiced his discontent. He complained that, when the spur of knighthood was stuck to his heel, he thought never to become merchant or mountebank. He had not been asked—or paid—to hazard his life; he had been invited to draw his dole by making a show of war and crying for mortal wounds he never received. This, to him, assailed his honour.

But the others, blunted by use, high living, low doing, laughed him to scorn.

These soldiers, by pragmatic sanction, found their spokesman in one l'Allegre, a Gascon: rightly named the Merry—or Light.

It seemed incredible to his mind, sunk in the content of sloth, that anyone should dream of complaining about conditions as ideal as those they now enjoyed. They had money, food, wine, women, the use of—though not the right to—uniform. And they were spared the risks inherent in a soldier's life . . .

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